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THE WAR WITHIN THE WAR

THE curtain has lifted on another act of the Greek tragedy. In this war no country has suffered more, and less deservedly, than Greece. She fought heroically and successfully against the cruel and unprovoked attack of the Italians, only to find herself overwhelmed by a German invasion; the British, who had guaranteed her safety, were powerless to save her. Since then Greece has suffered from occupation by Germans, Italians and Bulgarians. Her population has undergone greater severities of famine than any other part of Europe; deprived of her usual supplies from overseas, her own scanty production has been pillaged by the invaders. Some food has been allowed through the blockade to starving Athens; recent reports show that, for some not yet explained reason, the flow of Allied relief has not been maintained. In spite of these terrible internal conditions the people of Greece have proved themselves capable of the most stubborn and enterprising resistance to the armies of occupation.

E.A.M., initials which stand for the Republican popular front movement, includes the bulk of the patriotic forces in Greece. There is also a small resistance group under Col. Zervas, which is of Right Wing views and only dubiously Republican. The importance of E.A.M. and its military force, E.L.A.S. has been recognised by the Greek Government, which recently received a delegation in Cairo. These delegates were not Communists, but Republicans from the old political parties. They certainly represented Greek public opinion in insisting that the king should not return to Greece until a free plebiscite on the future form of government had been held. They further asked that the guerillas should be represented in the Greek Government. No definite reply was given to the first proposal; the second demand was refused. They may have asked the Allies when they were to expect the invading armies of liberation to arrive; if so, we do not know what answer they received.

The results of the failure of this mission in Cairo have now become clear. It is believed in Greece that the king was encouraged to stand out against the demands of the E.A.M. delegates by the attitude of Mr. Churchill, whose speech in Quebec reiterated his desire to re-establish the monarchy in Greece and Yugoslavia. British influence seems also to have been used to encourage the refusal to accept guerillas in the Greek Government. Most Greeks appear to assume that Britain is backing Col. Zervas and what the mass of the Greek resistance movement regard as the party of reaction. Fearing that Allied intervention would mean support for the monarchy and reaction, the E.L.A.S. apparently decided to liquidate the Zervas organisation. The details are still obscure, but it is stated that one British officer was killed in the affair (British officers are apparently working in liaison with both resistance groups, as they are in Yugoslavia). As a result of this unhappy business there is a serious danger of Britain finding herself not the ally, but the enemy of the popular forces in Greece.

This would indeed be a tragic climax of the Greek drama. The picture we have outlined varies only in detail from that presented in Yugoslavia and other countries. The Greek resistance movement is more closely united than in Yugoslavia; there is no racial issue to cut across class and political antagonism. But the tragedy has the same root in both cases. The Allied Governments have not been able to make up their minds who are the friends of freedom; they have refused to face the truth that in some countries the movement of liberation, which includes people of various parties, must be in its essentials revolutionary and must contain a large Communist element. In the Greek case the main mischief has been Mr. Churchill's support of a monarchy which is discredited by its former support of the Metaxas dictatorship. We doubt if the Americans with their Republican tradition stand with him on this. But both Britain and America to-day run the risk in every occupied territory, from the North to the Black Sea, of losing the confidence of the popular movement and standing for a form of reaction, far less brutal than that of the Germans, but yet meaning to the common people a fatal effort to return to a detested regime which led them into war. In short, within the armed conflict between great States there is developing a struggle between class-ideologies which cuts across the Allies' conceptions of victory. If Britain and America really wished the Soviet Union to stand as the only liberating force to which common people could turn this would be the policy to pursue

The Moscow Meeting

Mr. Cordell Hull has wrenched himself out of the nineteenth century and flown to Moscow. The conference has met. As was anticipated, the Russians are so bent on talking strategy, that there may be little room on the agenda for the many political questions which ought to be discussed. General Smuts made on the eve of the first sitting a speech designed to reconcile the Western and Russian standpoints. While recognising the unique value of the Red Army's achievement, he rated our own performances in the Mediterranean and the bombing of Germany higher than Moscow does. The trouble is that the destruction of German plant will cause shortages six months hence but not to-day. None the less, Smuts did back the Russian contention that the war can and must be shortened and put in moving words the claims of European humanity for an early issue out of all its afflictions. To the Americans he assigned the chief burden in the coming invasion; and his date for the climax of the war is still a vague 1944. We doubt if this will satisfy the Russians. For them the critical effort, which might with our aid be final, may lie in the coming winter.

While Mr. Molotov puts his case to his Western colleagues, the Red Army is daily strengthening his brief. There is no longer any doubt that the Russian break-through on a thirty-mile front at Kremenchug has rendered the Dnieper line untenable for the Germans. They will have to fall back: how far? This was the situation which von Keitel must have discussed with the generals and Party leaders whom he summoned to headquarters this week. Part of his concern may well have been the army's morale in Germany and occupied countries. But was that all? It is tempting to recall the similar Council of War which Ludendorff summoned in August, 1918, when he perceived that Germany was defeated. What expedients von Keitel may favour we can only guess. To withdraw also in the West? To put out feelers for peace? To prepare for an early retreat into the inner fortress? All this has, of course, its bearing on the Moscow discussions and the timing of the Second Front.

What else is on the agenda at Moscow? Messages from Washington disclose something of the State Department's mind. For several years it has stoutly championed the claims of the former Baltic States. On these, we are told, it may not insist any longer. To us it seems meaningless to talk of the independence of these dwarf States, rent with class divisions. They preserved a show of sovereignty only as long as they could trade on Russo-German rivalry. They cannot be used, as some American commentators hint, for bargaining purposes in a deal with Russia. Stalin's laughter, if Mr. Hull should endeavour to play this game, would shake the Kremlin. At the moment what seems chiefly to concern Stalin is the exaction from Germany of reparation for the ruin she wrought on Russian soil. That is linked with the general problem of devising methods of reconstruction which will benefit both Russia and Central Europe as a whole.

Divided Italy

The recognition of Italy as a "co-belligerent" now formally at war with Germany will presumably increase President Roosevelt's popularity with the numerically important Italian voters in the United States: they naturally hope to see their mother country leniently treated at the Peace Conference, and will welcome this evidence of the Allies' implied approval of the steps taken by Italy to "work its passage." Whether the eventual embarrassments likely to be caused to the Allies by this Italian *volte-face*, whose implications are critically regarded by the French no less than by the Greeks, Albanians and Yugoslavs, will be outweighed by immediately "expedient" advantages is open to question. Cæsar's Gaul was divided into three parts; post-Armistice Italy into at least four. Over Sicily, Calabria and the liberated part of Campagna, Amgot reigns. In Apulia, the Badoglio Government, with which Lord Rennel, the head of Amgot, says he has "strictly no relations," exercises *de jure* authority. North of the battle-front the ruling power is the German military machine, with Mussolini's Republican Fascist Government installed precariously in the foothills of the Alps, its sphere of jurisdiction lacking precision. The essential fact of the situation is that two great armies are waging war over the prostrate body of Italy, and it seems doubtful whether either Mussolini or the King can exercise any effective influence on the war. From the ruins a new Italy will one day emerge, but it will be built by forces neither Fascist nor Monarchist. Amgot, according to Lord Rennel, has not set its face against using Italian democrats in its administration. "We really have no problem in using them because we haven't any," he informed the *News Chronicle's* correspondent. A frank admission.

Yugoslav Window-dressing

Even though it is now comfortably installed in Cairo, the Yugoslav Government does not appear to be too happy about the reception given to the "neutral, non-political" Cabinet of M. Puritch. The farcical attempts of these aged and most respectable diplomats, generals, and police officers to present a façade of popular support would make them the butt of bitter humour were it not for the tragic implications of their activities. The partisans, who are now estimated to have nearly 200,000 men in the field, with much Italian equipment, are operating with increasing effect against the enemy; their nominal Government permits three so-called "leaders of the underground movement" to enter its exclusive ranks. They are Dr. Andjelovonich, a reactionary Croat who supported the Zhivkovitch dictatorship; Sain, a reputed Croat; and Dr. Koce, a former Slovene deputy. The two last are fervent supporters of Mihailovitch. It would be difficult to prove that these men have *no* connection with the movement they purport to represent; it is easy to see that this new piece of window-dressing makes no material difference in the position. King Peter's Government is clearly worried—and with reason—about the growing strength of Tito's Liberation Movement. But if they were genuinely interested in real freedom for Yugoslavia it should not be difficult for them now to establish as close a connection with the centres of resistance as the French have done.

South American Tangles

Like Yugoslavia, the Argentine is a focus of reactionary intrigue. Every day reveals more clearly the real character of President Ramirez's dictatorship. It is probable that President Roosevelt's sharp warning upon the suppression of the Jewish Press was an indication of concern at wider totalitarian policies, aimed at suppressing all support for the struggle of the democracies. Reports reaching the Confederation of Latin-American Workers from Buenos Aires seem to show that the Nazis have not yet despaired of inspiring similar Fascist coups in other South American States. The racial question is a crucial one. In 1938 the Lima Conference pledged its participants not to enact laws that discriminated against any national or racial group. Now this clique of Argentinian generals has tried to flout that undertaking, no doubt to test democratic reaction before taking further steps. The President's rebuke was a timely warning that they are already sailing too near the wind. It is a matter for Argentina's neighbours as well as for ourselves. Once the poison of Fascism takes a firm hold it can soon infect the whole political system of South America. It looks as though we have not heard the last of dramatic events in the Western Hemisphere. And in this case we have the chance of supporting the popular and progressive elements from the beginning. The Trade Union movement here has a great responsibility to its Latin-American comrades.

Next Steps in the Coalfields

It is now being said that Mr. Churchill promised his Labour colleagues before last week's debate that his rejection of nationalisation did not mean that no major change was to be made in the system of control in the coal-mines. We are very sure that big changes must be made if the country is to get the coal it imperatively needs. The minimum requirements are first that it must be made practically, as well as theoretically, possible to group pits, so as to remove barrier coal, make common pumping arrangements, treat the combined labour force as a single unit, and put one manager over the others; secondly, that the managers must be paid by the State, and not by the owner, for the duration of the war, and must henceforth take their orders exclusively from the State—*i.e.*, "dual" control must end; and thirdly, that wages must be improved, especially for the so-called "pit-boys," and more food provided for the miners. These necessary changes are additional to those which have been announced already. We have pointed out from the first the absurdity of putting the output bonus on a district instead of a pit basis—a mistake due to the owners' pig-headed opposition to anything that might draw miners away to the pits offering the highest earnings. Surely it is plain that such a concentration of men in the places where they can produce most coal is primarily what is needed, and can be regarded as one of those "controversial" things that, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, are "*bona fide* needed for the war."

Shipping After the War

Mr. Geddes, the President of the British Chamber of Shipping, has been talking about the position of the shipping industry after the war. In 1939 the American merchant navy was a little more than half the size of the British: Mr. Geddes, without making positive prophecies, put out the guess that immediately after the war the British might be only one-third the size of the American. He declared, of course, unequivocably in favour of the continuance of private ownership and control, saying categorically that a State-controlled mercantile marine would be unable to compete successfully in international trade. He did not appear to expect any great concentration of shipping ownership into big units, arguing that it would be more efficient to keep the small units, provided there was "concentration of effort"—in other words, a shipowners' cartel immune from State control. He did not say whether he wanted State control to expire at once at the end of the war, or discuss at all the control problems that will be bound to arise during the period of European revictualling and reconstruction. On the subject of air transport, he declared for free competition between air and sea, and attacked air subsidies, saying that, if they were given, shipping would have to be subsidised as well, at any rate for passenger services. His only hopeful remark was an insistence on the need for good conditions for seamen, and an intimation that the shipowners' and seamen's organisations have worked out a scheme for continuous employment and for the training of personnel.

The Catholics and the Schools

Archbishop Downey of Liverpool was reported in one Sunday newspaper headline as declaring in his attack on the Educational White Paper, that it would be "too costly." An unconvincing plea; for his argument was that the Government's proposals would cost the State too little, and only the Catholics too much. In effect, what Dr. Downey and the Catholic Hierarchy are demanding is that the State should take over the full cost of running the Catholic schools, and of building new ones, while leaving the Catholic Church in full control of them. The Catholic Hierarchy wants either the "Scottish Settlement" or something built largely upon it: that is to say, it wants full freedom to run schools of its own at the public expense, subject only to conforming to the educational standards laid down for schools of all kinds within the State system. It differentiates its own case from that of the Church of England on the ground that it wants to control only Catholic children, whereas the C. of E.'s non-provided schools have, in the "single-school areas," to be compulsorily attended by children whose parents are of all denominations or of none. There is substance in this point; and it may be claimed that the "Scottish Settlement" has worked with little friction. But it has to be remembered that, in Scotland, there is no serious denominational problems apart from the Catholics; so that the problem is relatively small. We hope soon to deal with the whole problem more comprehensively.

PARLIAMENT

Wednesday, noon.

A dark cloud of coal-dust still overhung the Labour benches this week: Members' week-end constituency contacts had confirmed their own dissatisfaction and dismay. There will have to be another coal debate before long; perhaps by then Major Lloyd George will have investigated such specific allegations as those contained in the speech by Tom Fraser, a young Scottish miners' representative who was himself working down a pit, and joint-chairman of a pit production committee, only this year. His concrete instances seemed to dispose of the Government's contention that there was no evidence that private ownership was impeding production now.

Meanwhile, the House has considered a miscellany of comparatively minor matters—though some of them, indeed, are of almost universal concern, such as the Fire Guard regulations. It was, unexpectedly, during this debate that an incident occurred which struck the House as uproariously comic. Miss Wilkinson was in the middle of her winding-up speech. Mr. Speaker, who has a resonant and carrying *sotto voce*, was heard to say to someone standing by the Chair, ". . . yes, I don't know how long she's going on for." Miss Wilkinson looked up, startled, and said, "About ten minutes." Next day, by a coincidence, there was a question down suggesting additional microphones at the Chair; the proposal was resisted, but another loud speaker "at the western end of the Chamber" was hinted at. Pritt asked, unanswerably, "Which is the western end of a Chamber that runs north and south?"

Lyttelton, pressed from a number of quarters bout paper for weekly periodicals and books, ssured the House that he was "on the side of he angels." Harold Balfour told Hinchingrooke that he regarded pyjamas as "admirable, omfortable, and desirable," and allowed himself o be coaxed by John Loverseed into promising to ry to provide them for air-crews. Mabane, a risk and sonorous answerer, once more had to efine dogfish flaps; they are, of course, lugs r bellywalls.

Grigg was trapped into an important admission n the question of political prejudice in the Army. He had insisted that Gallacher was wrong in uggesting that soldiers were ever discharged "on account of their political associations." After a few more exchanges, Maxton got up and sked what rank an officer would have to hold efore he could discharge a soldier on political rounds. Oh, said Grigg, "speaking from ecollection," before such discharges could take lace, the cases would have to come before the rmy Council—thus completely contradicting is own previous reply.

PONTIFEX MINOR

WHAT DOES MR. CHURCHILL MEAN?

WHAT does the Prime Minister mean? In his peech to the House of Commons last week he said hat he still hoped for a continuance of non-party overnment for a period after the war, but that e would not be alarmed if the country had to o back to party government. He said that one could tell at present in what mood the people ould be after the war was over, and that either here would be agreement between the parties hen the time came or there would not. He ut it that "about what happens after the war e must see how things go and how we feel." hould agreement fail, and a General Election e necessary on party lines, "that will be the time or the Government (i.e., the party Government esulting from the election) to make its proposals nd to carry them out." He added that the Government would support "nothing controersial that is not *bona fide* needed for the war." That," said he, "is our position. We must lso be careful that a pretext is not made of war eeds which will introduce far-reaching social or olitical changes by a side wind."

If all this is to be taken literally, it means, not nly that no legislation of any moment for dealing ith reconstruction can be passed during the war, ut also that no effective preparations can be ade. It renders absolutely futile all the araphernalia of committees and departments hat have been established for the discussion and laboration of post-war plans. It makes the ffices of Sir William Jowitt and Mr. W. S. Morrison entirely superfluous. It means that e are to wait until the war is over without aking any plans for dealing with a situation—ne of the most critical in our nation's history—hat will then be immediately upon us.

Indeed, it means more than this. Mr. Churchill peaks of his hopes of continual coalition based n inter-party agreement. But what does he ean by these hopes if the parties are not meanhile, before the war is over, to test out the ossibilities of agreement? Presumably, Mr. Churchill does not expect the Tory and Labour arties to *want* the same things, now or after e war. If agreement is possible, as a basis for temporary post-war coalition, it can rest nly on compromise. But how is it possible to ll whether an agreement based on such a comromise can be reached, if all the controversial sues are to be, not discussed, but set aside? The parties cannot tell how far they are likely to e able to agree, for a limited period after the ar, unless they are allowed to discuss—nay, vited to discuss, the possible basis for such a oalition.

After all, why is such a coalition being condered at all? Clearly, because it is held that e period immediately after the war, while demobilisation is proceeding, while the shattered political and economic systems of the world are being got back into some sort of working order, and while new foundations are being laid for foreign trade and monetary relations, will be one in which the country will need to be able to speak, if it can, with some approach to a united voice. That is the (debatable) case for a continuance of coalition government beyond the actual duration of hostilities on a world scale. This, however, means that the suggested coalition must be equipped now, during the war, with a clear-cut programme which it can carry promptly into effect during the critical period for which it is proposed to retain it. It is almost incredible that Mr. Churchill can be suggesting a policy of waiting till the war is over, and only then beginning to consider whether a possible basis for a coalition exists.

At least, this is incredible unless the Prime Minister has already in his own mind given up all idea of a coalition, and has made up his mind to stand fast with the extreme Tories in a refusal, after the war, to give up anything at all. We are very much afraid that this is what he must mean. If Mr. Churchill is sincere in wishing to defer the resumption of party government for a period after the war, the only way in which he can show his sincerity is by inviting men of all parties (and not merely their respective head offices) to come together and find out, on each of the main issues, how far they are able to agree on a common programme of strictly limited duration, on the understanding that controversial issues cannot be ruled out from such discussions.

Discussion might be fruitless, but it would at any rate clearly define the possibilities, and would probably, even if it led to no *general* accommodation, point plainly to certain essential measures of preparatory reconstruction which, though now ruled out as controversial, could be proceeded with even under Mr. Churchill's leadership. Unless this is done, what faces us is the certainty of emerging into the post-war period under the absolute necessity of acting at once, but with no plans laid and no possibility left of anything better than makeshifts. The only persons who can face such a prospect without concern are standfast Tories, who propose to fight in the last ditch for every one of their property "rights," and trouble-makers, especially the Fascists in our midst, who hope to snatch Fascist victory in Great Britain out of Fascist defeat in the rest of the world.

THE TAP-ROOT OF IMPERIALISM

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has the ear of the country. It was, therefore, an important political event when he rallied, the other day, to the imperial idea. His acceptance of all that empire implies was the more significant because he told his American hearers that in his younger days he had been influenced by "the anti-imperialist tirades and exposures" of John A. Hobson and myself. He gave reasons for his belief that what we then wrote is now "thirty or forty years out of date." The word "tirades" suggests that Mr. Morrison's memory of Hobson's books must have faded in this long interval. That great economist wrote quietly, struggling like the scientist he was, to think objectively and find for his thoughts an exact expression. If his style had a fault, it sprang rather from restraint than from violence. A reminder of what he taught may interest the present generation. The world has been transformed since his classic "Imperialism" appeared in 1902 and the British Empire has been subject to a slow process of evolution. But Hobson's analysis of the economic foundations of empire is still valid.

Hobson found "the tap-root of imperialism" in under-consumption. He started, as Marx did, with a study of the concentration of capital and the trade cycle. He ended by tracing the drive towards territorial expansion to the wrong division of the product of industry. Let me quote one of his typical "tirades":

> It is not industrial progress that demands the opening up of new markets and areas of investment, but mal-distribution of consuming power which prevents the absorption of commodities and capital within the country. The over-saving which is the economic root of Imperialism is found by analysis to consist of rents, monopoly profits and other unearned or excessive elements of income, which, not being earned by labour of hand or head, have no legitimate *raison d'être.*

Has this terse analysis no application to the contemporary world?

Before the reader dismisses it as ancient history, I would invite him to look at the course of events in Germany during the past ten years. The Nazi Dictatorship was the direct outcome of the slump which began in 1929. Real wages in Germany fell to approximately half the British average, and at this miserable level they have remained ever since. A more recent estimate shows that while the ratio of wages to the value of industrial output in 1938 was in Great Britain 48 per cent. it stood in the U.S.A. at 40, and in Germany at only 30 per cent. The result was that the starved internal market, first of the Weimar Republic and then of the Third Reich, was never able to absorb the output, actual or potential, of its heavy industries. The logical political consequences followed. Heavy industry financed the seizure of power by the Nazis and used it first to freeze wages at the level of the depression and then to re-arm. As Dr. Schacht once put it: "the less the people consume, the more work can be done on armament production. The standard of living and the scale of armament production must move in opposite directions." The purpose of these armaments was to win, first by bluff and then by war, a vast continental empire. Over a long series of years this policy of imperial expansion was fatally determined every week at the pay-desk of every German factory. Too little went into wages and mass-consumption, too much into "over-saving," more especially in the heavy and chemical industries. It was not the German people but monopoly capital which needed *Lebensraum.* Because it forcibly prevented the expansion of internal purchasing power, it had to conquer "new markets and areas of investment." This story, cruder by far than anything that happened in Hobson's lifetime, can be faithfully recorded only in Hobsonian language. If we forget his analysis, we shall stumble into a false diagnosis of German Imperialism. It sprang from an economic malady, which in its turn had its source in the class-structure of this half-feudal, half-capitalistic society.

Hobson, then, after forty years has still something to say to us. But Mr. Morrison is not concerned with the analysis that Hobson (and before him, Marx) made of the *perpetuum mobile* in capitalistic societies which fatally drives towards empire. He is disturbed rather by the study of conditions in the empires so founded which a group of younger men—Leonard Wolff, Leonard Barnes and myself—built on Hobson's teaching. It would have been miraculous if acquisitions which originated under the pressure of "over-saving" had evolved as their by-product the welfare of the conquered populations. The typical British technique, the creation, as in India, Nigeria and Rhodesia, of a chartered company, avowed the motive of commercial exploitation. Mr. Morrison's case, if I grasp it correctly, is that in our generation this motive has been sublimated. A process which originated in the excessive exploitation of the workers at home will result in something more beneficent when applied to coloured workers abroad. In my own travels I have not yet stumbled on it. I drew a picture of the poverty of the hard-driven Egyptian workers in *The War of Steel and Gold* and of the misery of the Indian masses in *Property or Peace?* Habitual under-consumption in Bengal confronts us to-day as famine. In Africa the League of Nations' report diagnosed chronic under-nourishment which in some regions results in a slow decline of population.

Of course there have been immense changes in these forty years. When I began to write about the influence of the export of capital on British foreign policy, John Bull was still money-lender in chief to the universe. This anxious job he has lost in two wars. Since the Boer war the acquisition of fresh territory—apart, that is, from mandated areas—has ceased. What we now do is to develop the estates our fathers appropriated. Even in India the balance of trade has turned against us. Mr. Morrison is right in speaking of a subjective change in our attitude to empire. The accepted theory is that we are or ought to be disinterested trustees, or as he put it, that empire no longer means domination. For the credit of human nature I gladly agree that in the minds of many Civil servants and administrators this changed outlook is wholly sincere. What I still doubt is how far it is or can be effective. Against the pressure of interests entrenched in our economic and social system what it can achieve is on the balance disappointing.

Let us glance at Mr. Morrison's contention that we hold the Empire by consent—or, as he put it, that every community capable of self-government has had it. I cannot read recent events in Burma and the Straits Settlements in this way. We failed to win the active loyalty of their peoples. We hold two islands of some importance against the will of their inhabitants. The Greeks of Cyprus and the Chinese of Hong Kong call for union with their Fatherlands. But India is the outstanding case. Here our rule is an act of conquest which we must repeat every day. Mr. Morrison cites the Cripps offer. It has not struck him that its rigidity and its reservations exposed it to criticism. I have tried in *Subject India* to analyse it and to show that as it stood it could not have resulted in independence. The princes have the power to wreck it, which they will certainly exercise while we sustain their autocracy. I cannot read Mr. Churchill's defiant Mansion House speech save as a warning that he will do all that in him lies to hold what we have.

Where, then, is the evidence that this possessive attitude towards our Empire is in fact weakening? The governing fact in our economic relationship has been the extension of preferential trading since the Ottawa Conference. That was not the act of a disinterested trustee. Nor do I know of any tendency, save perhaps in Malaya, to share with others our quasi-monopoly of the dependent empire as a field for investment. Year after year the gold and copper mines of our African colonies continue to drain away the wealth of their soil, which might have been used to equip them for a civilised existence and to raise the standard of life and culture of their inhabitants. We do, indeed, take toll of this tribute, but it goes as income-tax into our own exchequer. In colonies where white men can settle, the basic wrong remains without redress. The invaders retain the best land for themselves, and then exploit the labour of the natives who cannot subsist on their over-crowded reservations. In Kenya, where the whites hold much land they cannot till, an active agitation among them is preparing for fresh immigration when this war is over. The natives are silenced by the imprisonment of most of their leaders. Mr. Morrison spoke of South Africa as "the shining example" of British policy. It is so, in the sense that it was a notable achievement to reconcile the majority of the Dutch farmers who had fought against us. To balance that, the hope of any higher status for its natives has become more than ever remote.

Against all this, Mr. Morrison can cite some new departures, notably the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940. Though it came late in the day, this was a sign of progress. In amount the annual grant could cover only a small fraction of the needs of this vast undeveloped estate. Was it more, when we weigh it against the profits the owning class derives from empire, than conscience money—the crumbs that Dives will always drop for Lazarus?

It is salutary, however, that we are examining our imperial record with a closer scrutiny than our fathers gave it in Hobson's day. There are some tests to which we must submit, if the subjective change in our outlook is genuine. If we succeed after the war in creating an International Authority, must we not make over to it the ultimate sovereignty over our dependent Empire? If we retain (as I think we must) the actual responsibility for its administration, we should at least submit to international inspection and controls. I think also that with common education an international civil service could gradually be built up. On the economic side, perhaps the next step is to provide these colonies with capital equipment on Lend-Lease terms, that is to say interest-free. This would hasten the pace of a long-range plan of development, industrial as well as agricultural. The scandal of the income-tax tribute should at once be removed. At the risk of seeming Utopian, I would ask whether we could create for Africa disinterested trading corporations of which the surplus profits should go to finance development. Finally, I think that for a period we ought ourselves to shoulder the cost of a great extension of the health and education services in these colonies. This hasty list has only touched the surface of the problem. How to concede to Africans the effective right of association for their trade unions, their co-operatives and their inter-tribal societies may rank as high as the economic problem. But even then, we should not yet have cut "the tap-root of Imperialism" which Hobson uncovered forty years ago.

H. N. Brailsford

COALITIONS AND THE CONSTITUTION

In so delicately poised a political system as ours, Coalition Government is a process of considerable complexity. It begins for one end; but because life is a dynamic thing, there is little assurance that it will end by fulfilling the purposes for which it began. The one thing, on experience, we can say with confidence is that all Coalitions work to the advantage of the Conservative Party. It was so during the Napoleonic wars; it was so both under Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George; it appears that Mr. Churchill's Government is to be no exception to the rule. We may, indeed, say with justice that Mr. Churchill's plan is either a continuance of the Coalition into peace—which obviously means that Tory predominance rules out any socialist measures—or a party election on the classic model which he hopes to win by asking for support from the electors as the man who won the war. And, of course, if he were successful, it would follow once more that Tory predominance would preserve what he himself has called "traditional" Britain, with, no doubt, those "few measures of practical reconstruction" of which he has spoken.

Mr. Churchill is, therefore, seeking to win the war, so far as possible, for the Britain of September 3, 1939. That "full partnership" with him which Labour claimed when it entered his Government is reduced in practice to the right to issue programmes of action from Transport House of which no notice need be taken in Whitehall or Westminster. The electorate is to be satisfied with that ancient diet of great perorations which was found, after 1915, a nourishment somewhat lacking in vitamin content. Exactly how Mr. Churchill squares this view with the passage of the Catering Act I do not know. Certainly the major part of his party was hostile to it and had to be "whipped" pretty severely into accepting it. Perhaps Mr. Churchill takes the view that its defeat would have meant the resignation of Mr. Bevin, and that the latter's presence at the Ministry of Labour is indispensable to victory. But it is at least not less legitimate to argue that the highest output the miners can give us is equally important, and that this output is a function of their morale. And, on this showing, there can be no serious observer who is not aware that there is little or no prospect of such morale in the pits while the present system o ownership prevails. Twenty-five years of ugly mistreatment of the miners has sown the wind. It is impossible to be surprised if, after all tha has happened in the mines, the Government finds that we are reaping the whirlwind.

Coalition Government is only possible, a Mr. Attlee is fond of saying, as a process of giv and take. But Mr. Churchill interprets tha process to mean that the Labour Party does the giving and the Tory Party the taking. He assumes that the electoral decision of 1935, taken in circumstances not only entirely different from to-day, but in a mood governed by the famou deception of which Lord Baldwin has boasted, must govern the needs of 1943, even after the greatest war in history, unless an outmoded and outdated House accepts the obligation to mak ready for the post-war world. And Mr. Churchil tells it that it need not accept that obligation. Everything, he says in effect, to win the war, but not a single measure that you do not like i order to make sure that this time we do no lose the peace. Once Hitler is beaten, the alternatives before us are either reconstructio at the price Labour can exact for consenting to remain as a junior partner in the Coalition, or, as Mr. Churchill hopes, a grand khaki electio in which he gives all the vested interests of this country the power to continue the policy o postponement and evasion to which, by som magic of which they have not revealed the secre he has persuaded his Labour colleagues to consent. Perhaps that was why he was so profus in his eulogies of their devotion. They hav not, as he said, had to give up any of their principles; but the basis on which they are graciousl permitted to retain them is that they do no attempt to put them into practice. And, o course, when the General Election comes, Mr Churchill counts on his triumph and the reactio of the massive fatigue the people will feel t safeguard his party against their success. H guesses, not without reason, that then, as i the past, fatigue will be the main defence for th protection of privilege and property.

On this showing, it is clear that the Prim Minister is making the Constitution in its essen a weapon to safeguard a dead world against th pressures of a revolutionary time. He offe change on two conditions, the fulfilment of whic he takes care to rule out. There must be gener consent by men like Sir Herbert Williams an Wing-Commander James and Sir Patrick Hann to deny the validity of that dead world th love so passionately; or there must be a pe ception by Mr. Churchill himself and his co leagues that measures are necessary to the winni of the war which he insisted were quite u necessary in the very debate in which he la down his conditions. On this basis, unless M Churchill finds the administrative quality of th contribution made by Labour Ministers i valuable, it is difficult to see what purpose served by their remaining in his Governme The measures which they, in common with th party, have declared in 1941 and 1942 and 19 to be indispensable now if we are to avoid th tragedy of the inter-war years are ruled out, f all practical purposes, from the field of co sideration. If they cannot persuade Mr. Churc to accept them in the hours of supreme dang they can hardly hope to persuade him to see th urgency when the danger is past.

It then becomes difficult to see the purp served by Labour's presence in the Governme except to save it from the necessity of fighti by-elections against a real opposition with positive programme to put before the peop In the name of a "national unity" which M Churchill interprets to mean the protection as much as possible of the *status quo ante bell* Labour agrees to prevent the common man fr expressing his view about what is really mea by preparations for the peace. The situati resembles nothing so much as that farci moment in 1931-2 when Mr. MacDonal fantastic National Government decided aft "inquiry" in favour of tariff reform. In 19 after, no doubt, Mr. Attlee has explained the demands of his party, the Tory majority in the Cabinet decides—what it had decided before ever he put them forward—that they are not necessary for the winning of the war. And if there are murmurs of discontent in the Labour Party, its leaders, on Mr. Churchill's behalf, warn it that these, if they grow louder, may mean a breach in "national unity," that this may mean a General Election, and that this would be "irresponsible" at the present time. "Irresponsible" appears to mean that the electorate would never forgive the Labour Party for showing by its deeds that it really believed what it professed. Some of us, at any rate, have a higher opinion of the intelligence of the common man than this implies. If the Labour leaders are doubtful about it, a quick tour of camp and aerodrome would dispel their doubt.

It is not remarkable that Mr. Churchill was blithe and optimistic and full of compliments for everyone when he intervened in the coal debate. Having by some wondrous alchemy persuaded the Labour leaders to act, until the armistice at least, as a junior partner in the firm with the right only to speak before they are voted down, he was entitled to be cheerful. He won an even bigger confidence trick than did Lord Baldwin in 1935. The Tory party has profound reason to be grateful to him. For he has persuaded men who could have discovered how strongly the winds of fundamental change are blowing not to risk being disturbed by them. He has, for the moment at any rate, secured for privilege the right to subordinate the implications of the Constitution to its service. It may be that, a few months from now, a new coal debate will reveal the necessity of making the Labour Party explore the possibilities of the Constitution. It may even be that the rank and file of the Labour Party in the constituencies will not agree to be chloroformed even as gracefully as Mr. Churchill must have administered the anaesthetic to their leaders. But, for the present at any rate, Mr. Churchill has made the Constitution an annexe to the Carlton Club. It is no wonder that Tocqueville always insisted that parliamentary government and popular government have no necessary connection with each other.

Harold J. Laski

A LONDON DIARY

ANY case which suggests that children have been badly treated rouses anger in the British public. Now that the affair of the Hereford Justices has moved to the Courts, we shall no doubt learn whether or not popular indignation has been accurately directed. In the meantime it would be improper to comment on the case itself. There are, however, important points about children's courts which I am free to discuss; some of them are well summarised in a letter we publish this week from the Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform. Note that attacks on Juvenile Courts as "Star Chambers" are all bunkum. It would be a shockingly retrograde step once again to make juvenile courts part of the ordinary police courts. Juvenile cases are not heard in secrecy. The press may be present; reporters are sometimes even asked by the bench to give publicity to a case where publicity may help. Only the name of the child and his school must be kept from the public. Of course, the Courts vary very greatly; some are admirable and some retrogade. Sometimes the blame is put on to the wrong shoulders. If, in an extreme case, the magistrates decide that a child must be given to the "care of a fit person" (Local Education Authority), then it will be taken away until it is eighteen years old, and the parents not allowed to have its address. The Act provides that the Authority must care for the child until the age of , and the refusal of address is just a "rule" made by Education Authorities and approved by the Home Office.

The real points are that the Children and Young Persons' Act needs amendment; that the power to birch should be abolished—"nothing can be done with a child after it is birched," said an experienced probation officer; that there should be an inquiry into the records of Approved Schools and that the Advisory Committee which appoint magistrates should be reconstituted and democratised. More important still, untrained assistants should not be allowed to act as Clerks of the Court. Lay magistrates should always have experienced legal guidance. Every clerk to a court should be a solicitor. It is quite untrue that the laws of evidence are considered irrelevant in a children's court, but it is possible they are at times too much relaxed and certain that some courts are apt too much to treat "police evidence" as if it belonged to a special category, authoritative and indisputable. Finally, children should not be taken away from their parents unless the home is intolerably bad or actually cruel.

* * *

I suppose it wasn't politic for the Archbishop of York to tell us anything about his discussions with the Patriarch and the Metropolitans. Instead, he gave us a good journalistic impression of Moscow and an assurance that people go to church, and that no one insults religion in Soviet Russia. The example of Istra, which he visited, really sums up the whole controversy. The vast white temple has now been destroyed by the Germans. All Russians, whatever their faith, are furious about that. A few years ago it contained the most wonderful collection of Tsarist jewelry, mostly, I think, given to the church by Catherine the Great. There were great trolleys and a huge hole full of kopeks, contributed by millions of humble pilgrims. The Bolshevik attack on religion had two parts. First, the monks were chased away and the population summoned to learn that they had been hoaxed financially and spiritually. At Istra there was a great scene in which a holy relic was opened and exposed as nothing but a bit of paper. God did not strike the iconoclasts dead; many of the onlookers, especially among the younger, were convinced that the Greek Church had been a fake, and that the State was justified in ending the economic basis of the Church. The second part of the attack was the anti-God campaign. That the Church is now again recognised is an important example of the limits of propaganda.

* * *

I should like to see the *Trial of Mussolini*, by Cassius (Gollancz, 2s. 6d.), reviewed by Mr. Ward Price of the *Daily Mail*. He has written so often about Mussolini's qualities. Or by Mr. Winston Churchill, who wrote in 1927 of being charmed by "Signor Mussolini's gentle and simple bearing" and found in Fascism "the necessary antidote to the Russian poison." Or by Sir Samuel Hoare, or by one of the other figures whom Cassius calls to the witness box to testify to Mussolini's character and virtuous achievement. What would these gentlemen say now? If they now express agreement with Mr. Churchill, who recently described the Duce as a jackal, that must be, I suppose, because when a dictator fights against Britain he deserves names he did not earn when it was only Abyssinians or Spaniards whom he set out to murder. Many morals follow from this brilliant book. In finely sustained rhetoric Cassius exposes that the guilt of war does not belong to one man; that the politicians who have controlled the destinies of Europe during the last 20 years would find it embarrassing to try Mussolini—or by inference Hitler—as a war criminal; and that the indictment of Mussolini lies best in the mouths of the simple Italian peasant, of the Abyssinian, armed with his shield and spear, and, perhaps most of all, of the Spanish Republican who, with the aid of some brave spirits who were ashamed of the Government's policies, upset the time-table of Fascist aggression and were a principal factor in saving the democracies from total destruction. I am very grateful to Cassius. He has begun a task which has to be done again. We have to find new ways of reminding the public, which now includes millions who were not politically-minded before the war, of the real issues of this war.

* * *

A few months ago the appearance of Thomas Hamilton's *Appeasement's Child* caused a considerable flutter in the Franco dovecote. The revelations of the anarchy, despair and repression to which the Caudillo has reduced his country were the first documented exposure of the internal conditions of Fascist Spain. Now a similar, if shorter, account comes from a Republican who managed to escape to Mexico after living in Spain until November 1942. José Rodriguez Vega, a prominent leader of the Socialist and trade union movement, tells, from his own experience of three ghastly years, the story of the prisons, the ruined economy, the starving people and the bankrupt political system. I wish I could say that the story is familiar to all of us; there has been too little interest in Spain since the focus of events shifted from civil to national war. This is a good short summary of the present position. And there is hope as well as Spanish misery and British shame and French humiliation in this story. I like to think that the story of a Socialist worker who was charged with membership of his Party from 1920 is typical of the spirit of those who are our live allies in Spain. He denied it, was confronted with evidence of the fact, denied it again and proudly said "It is untrue, I have been a member since 1915." If, as seems increasingly likely, Franco is hoping to imitate his neighbour Salazar, it would be well if we know the facts about his system. The pamphlet *Impressions of Franco Spain* is published by United Editorial, price *6d.*

* * *

You might think that taximen held the whip-hand at the moment. (This mixed metaphor marks a change of epoch.) The peacetime scramble for "fares" produced a hard-headed, discriminating class of cab-users, but the present cab shortage has made hunters of the hunted. Cabbies could always refuse to be hired by anyone drunk or suffering from an infectious disease, and (in London) they have never been regarded as "plying for hire" if they did not stop when hailed; for the latter purpose (when, for example, they are short of petrol or on their way home or to a hiring previously arranged) they are allowed to cover the "flag" on the taximeter which bears the words "For hire" instead of pushing it down in the usual way—they must keep the flag raised to avoid registering mileage for which there is no cash. But competitors in the new cab scramble might usefully know that this covering of the flag is not compulsory, and that if a cab does not stop at your signal, although it still proclaims itself as "for hire," this is probably because the driver has forgotten (or is too cold) to stick his glove over the upraised "flag." One should also know that if he does stop, either to negotiate or to explain, he is undone; he *must* then drive you anywhere up to six miles if he has the petrol.

Cabbies have not been given any discretionary rights which they did not formerly have; the only change is the wartime restriction that they must not go more than five miles outside the district in which they are licensed to "ply for hire." They exploit their new ascendancy at their peril. The Wimbledon cabby who was recently prosecuted for rejecting all clients who did not want to go to the "dogs" happened to be in a less righteous position than others who have been fined for turning down "dogs" clients in favour of people bound for railway termini. In at least one case of the latter sort the cabby was acquitted and commended for his patriotism.

* * *

I take this extract from the *Bulawayo Chronicle*, South Africa.

> The Coloured Guides' entry was a song "Ye Mariners of England." Their voices were sweet and tuneful, and their harmonies good. The judge, however (Miss E. Ker), told them that they sang without sufficient enthusiasm.

Critic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to X. Y.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Manchester is filled with lovely people living in lovely homes. I cannot stand the things that are being said of this city—that it is a place where whisky is dear and women are cheap.—Report in *Daily Dispatch.*

The chairman of the Methodist District deprecated the holding of harvest thanksgiving services in public houses, but he thought that good work might be done by dropping into a licensed house and talking to the men over a glass of lemonade.—*Church Times.*

By a majority decision of the Bath Bench to-day Leslie Alfred Wisken, of Lansdowne, Bath, was fined 5*s.* for "abandoning a copy of 'Liberty in the War' in a telephone kiosk, the kiosk not being a receptacle provided for the collection of waste paper." The Bench dismissed two similar summonses.—The *Star.*

Mr. Percy Belcher, a former Communist leader, told how he was converted from a drunkard to being a member of the Christian Commando team, and is now spending his "holiday" helping with the Derby campaign.—*Derby Evening Telegraph.*

A travelling hawker's wife said at York Police Court to-day: "I do not know how old I am. I cannot read or write any more than my 20 children or my 100-year-old grandmother."—
Evening News.

THE FIVE SENATORS

[*The following despatch was sent to the* Chicago Sun *by its London correspondent, Frederick Kuh.*]

THERE is some surprise here, especially in American circles, at the seriousness with which the five senators' pronouncements are being taken at home in view of the circumstances accompanying their activities during their five-day visit to Britain.

A distinction is being made between the earnestness that Senator Brewster (Maine) and Senator Russell (Georgia) showed while in England—and the activity of some of the others. All are being criticised for accepting fancy attentions, deemed more suitable to oriental potentates. Considering the ostensibly solid political and economic purpose of their global mission, the comment is also heard that they devoted an immense ratio of the short time allotted to their stay in Britain to backslapping the Home State boys over here. It is even said that they were too busy electioneering to see many important persons in the field of their investigation.

Senator Brewster, for instance, charged the British with hoarding Middle East petroleum while the Allies were draining United States oil supplies. The principal answer, as President Roosevelt has since pointed out, was lack of tankers which made the short haul for American oil more efficient.

It was suggested to the senators that they talk to Britain's Minister of War Transport, Lord Leathers, who could best explain the position. Lord Leathers' office told the *Chicago Sun* that the senators never approached him. Similarly, the senators were intensely concerned about lease-lend, which they accused Britain of abusing. Yet it appears that the senators omitted a visit to the Minister of Production, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who is charged with the British end of lease-lend. There was a number of other high British officials, ready and eager to collaborate with the five American visitors, but they were never given the chance.

Senator Chandler had his own ideas as to how a Kentucky senator ought to behave on an important wartime mission abroad. Rollicking fun and red-hot publicity appealed to him.

When Admiral Stark, U.S. naval C.-in-C. in European waters, was the host at dinner for the senators, the celebrated guests wondered a little why Chandler arrived half an hour late. They supposed he was pondering his pet Siberian air-base problem until they discovered that he had just been sitting in a jeep with Bob Hope in front of the Dorchester Hotel while press photographers did their stuff.

The publicity value of being seen in the company of the popular film actor apparently so enthralled the senator from Kentucky that he overreached himself.

Arriving at 10 Downing Street with fellow-senators to confer with Mr. Churchill, it was unexpectedly divulged that Chandler by private arrangement had taken Bob Hope along. Ambassador Winant, who was there to introduce the senators to the Premier, was taken aback but had the presence of mind to call Bob aside and politely tell him in effect, "I'm sure you'll understand, Mr. Hope, but we are going to talk official business with the Prime Minister." Hope promptly left.

One might assume that this incident would be a broad enough hint to Senator Chandler that a war conference with Mr. Churchill was not simply a Hollywood stunt. But a few minutes later, regardless of their earnest discussion of Britain's future part in the war against Japan, Chandler pulled out a dollar bill and asked Mr. Churchill to sign it as a shortsnorter. Shortsnorters comprise a sort of collegiate club of persons who have flown the Atlantic.

This is the kittenish, publicity-sniffing, autograph-hunting background against which Senator Chandler's momentous impressions of world affairs seem to have been formed.

At one or more U.S. army camps and airfields the commanding officers ordered enlisted men to wear markings showing their Home States, so that the visiting senators could gladhand the boys.

Now, nobody suggests depriving soldiers of the thrill of seeing their own senator. Nor does anyone want to prevent the senators from saying hello to a few doughboys from Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts and New York. But this practice consumed a considerable part of the senators' few days in Britain.

We all like joviality, and even vote-catching is no cardinal sin. But the official U.S. army daily *Stars and Stripes* revealed what was in many minds when it quoted one soldier as remarking of the senators: "We haven't had handshakes like that since election time two years ago." Another expressed regret that a U.S. bomber station offered no babies for the senators to kiss.

Army leaders here tried to propitiate the senators as if they were Greek gods or, as one American commentator said, "When the senators arrived, some officers behaved like brides on their wedding night. Unlike some brides, they kept telephoning around, asking 'What'll we do next?'"

Each senator was given a U.S. military escort throughout his visit to Britain. Each had a military aide who, it was said, "followed them around to pick up their hankies and the senators loved it." Senatorial cars were seen speeding through London, convoyed by motor cycle outriders.

Before the senators arrived in London Ambassador Winant ordered all U.S. Government agencies and his own embassy staff to be on the alert, ready to be of the utmost assistance. Organisations like the Office of Economic Warfare, the Lease-Lend administration and the Office of War Information were thrown into high tension and remained in that uncomfortable position until the senators left England.

The senators did inquire how much rent the Economic Warfare outfit are paying. They asked and received memoranda from these agencies about their work. A couple of senators chatted with the heads of some of these agencies. But when the visitors departed, U.S. Government staffs who had been ignored started asking wha all the fuss had been about.

The net result of the senators' journey here i one of the greatest contributions ever to anti-American feeling in Britain.

Many British industrial and financial leader fear American economic nationalism and commercial rivalry, and the returning senator declarations heightened those British misgivings.

United States foreign policy from Darla onwards aroused a good deal of distrust among th masses of British.

The senators' charge that Britain is playin unfair on oil is resented. The accusation tha Britain is abusing lease-lend supplies is rejecte as false and intolerable. Disturbing, too, is th demand that America keep certain bases lease from Britain.

By citing money which the United States spen on these bases as the reason for keeping them, th authors of this suggestion have evoked shar reminders of Britain's sacrifices throughout th war, particularly while she stood alone again Germany and Italy.

PETERBOROUGH PORTENT

THE by-election at Peterborough, both in it actual working and by its result, bears significan witness to the present Leftward trend of th electorate. A "rebel" Labour candidate, breaking the electoral truce in defiance of Transpor House, and embarking on his campaign withou funds, agent, workers, or election machinery o any kind, polls a higher percentage of the tot votes cast than Labour has ever done before i the constituency—even when it won the seat i 1929. The election, moreover, was rushe through in the minimum possible time; obviousl because both Conservative and Labour Hea Offices were nervous about the probable result.

Sam Bennett, the Socialist candidate, was a little like the common idea of a Left Rebel a say, Mr. Molotov resembles a pre-war Primros Dame's notion of a Bolshevik. Bennett has live all his life in the division, and for the past thirt years has played a quiet, unambitious part in i Labour movement. He is a J.P., a member o his Rural District Council, and a veteran trad unionist. Five years ago the Divisional Labou Party adopted him as prospective Labour candidate. He is no orator, and he has a personalit altogether too unassuming to make him an ide electioneering candidate. In short he was, fro the Transport House point of view, a thoroughl safe man. Yet when confronted with the offici Party demand that he, with the Divisional Labou Party officers, should appear on the platform o the National Government candidate (Lord Sui dale, son of the Earl of Donoughmore—succeeding Lord Burleigh, son and heir of the Marqu of Exeter) he flatly refused, and shortly decide to stand as an independent Socialist. He declare that, the defeat of Hitler being now assured, th electoral truce had served its purpose; and hi election address and posters stressed "Socialism—the Only Hope of Winning the Peace."

When the seat became vacant there wer rumours—and possibilities—of various Left candidates. The I.L.P. decided to nominate W Ballantine, a railwayman (Peterborough is railway centre, and the N.U.R. and A.S.L.E. & F branches have always formed Labour's vanguar in the district). Common Wealth had a candida ready—a local woman member. Both organis tions, having interviewed Mr. Bennett a surveyed the local scene, sensibly and generous decided to withdraw their candidates and suppo the recalcitrant Labour man. The I.L.P. provided an agent—one of their divisional organisers and its branches all over the country took on th job of envelope-addressing (there were thirty od thousand to be done). Common Wealth supplie a team of enthusiastic local helpers and speaker and a car with an ex-International Brigade drive and a loud-speaker attachment. Team, car an agent were only able to get to work about fo days before nomination day, leaving barely tw weeks for the whole campaign.

From the outset Labour Party rank-and-filers nade it clear that they were behind Bennett. Many of them helped in the committee rooms, ome took the chair at meetings, and the great najority attended meetings and expressed their eelings in emphatic fashion; the official local Labour Party agent, a veteran of six or eight lection contests, looking on broken-heartedly, unable to play his part.) The Divisional Party xecutive, when it made the decision—after urgent pleadings by a Transport House ambasador—to observe the truce, had proceeded to ecommend that all Labour Party members "should exercise their rights as citizens and vote ccording to their best judgment"; a recomnendation which of course in practice operated n Mr. Bennett's favour. It is safe to say that very Labour man and woman in the area, xcepting only a handful of "leaders," town ouncillors and union officers, voted Socialist—nd probably some even of the handful visited hc polling station after dark and did the same. The Communists, needless to say, stood firmly or Viscount Suirdale, waxing indignant at uestion-times about "splitting the workinglass" and the paramount need for "unity."

A fortnight is an impossible time in which to over the whole of such a division as Peterborough. The town itself contains two-thirds of the electorte; but there are also ninety-odd villages, most f them only reached by road, scattered over an rea 30 miles or so from north to south, and six to ight miles wide. Some districts are feudal backvaters. In others trades unionism has some hold—hoe operatives at the southern end of the division, rick-workers in the areas nearer Peterborough self. Evening meetings in most villages are npossible in the black-out; but the loud-speaker an and the candidate got round to all the larger nes in day time. Nightly meetings were held in eterborough and Oundle, addressed by Acland, Vintringham, Maxton, Brockway, Mackay, McGovern, Loverseed, Ballantine, C. A. Smith, nd John McNair. These were attended chiefly y the already converted. (Provincial Labour udiences rarely get the chance of listening to uch a galaxy of talent.) Factory gate meetings Peterborough were the only sure way of getting some at least of the non-politically conscious eople.

The Tories made all the play they could with the L.P.'s attitude to the war. The I.L.P. has been long in the wilderness that it has developed an most religious minority complex, causing it to ejoice exceedingly (and in public) about whatever hings differentiate it from the vulgar mob; and is state of mind prevents it from realising the ifference between a propaganda fight and one hich there is a possibility of winning. The L.P. speakers in Peterborough were, for instance, nly embarrassed when Sir Richard Winfrey, ctogenarian Liberal champion, and local newsaper proprietor, came out with a column "Open etter" declaring his intention of voting for ennett, and saying why. And the offer of one dependent Liberal politician of national repute come down and speak on Mr. Bennett's platrm was turned down with true I.L.Priggishness. he Common Wealth speakers and workers, the other hand, proved both their belief in ocialism and their readiness to work gladly with yone whose distaste for Toryism and Viscounts ade him a potential ally in this particular fight. nother half-dozen elections fought in partnerip with Common Wealth will probably teach e I.L.P. a lot about ordinary people, and do uch to break down its obstinate isolationism.

The Government held—but only just held—e seat; mainly because its candidate, in his ection address and his speeches, confined himlf to hero-worship of Mr. Churchill, the necesy of winning the war, and the disloyalty of truce-breakers." The Führer-principle is still effective election tactic. But if the coal debate d taken place a week earlier, or polling-day a eek later, I doubt whether it would have fficed to keep Peterborough in Government ssession.

FRANK HORRABIN

PLACES

A REMARKABLE photograph of Cape Gris Nez and the adjoining shore appeared the other day in the *News Chronicle*—a photograph taken from the English coast on a day on which the French coast was invisible even through a powerful telescope. It was not the wonders of modern invention that chiefly interested me as I looked at the photograph, however: it was the memories that the lighthouse on the cliff called up. Memories, not so much of the cliff, indeed, as of the Hôtel de la Sirène beside it, at which I stayed on my first visit to France thirty and more years ago.

Not that the memories are particularly rich. As the July holiday season had not yet begun, the hotel was empty except for my friend and myself and a French father and mother and three or four small children. The father was a man with bulging eyes and a sluice-water moustache, dressed in a light check Norfolk jacket and breeches; and what struck me most about him was the solemn single-mindedness with which at intervals during the day he kept leading his family back from the sands to the hotel in search of refreshment. At almost any time between noon and sunset you would see him arranging his infants with all the kindliness of a French father round a table and giving the waitress an order which was invariable—absinthe for himself and a small bottle of Guinness for his wife and children. He treated the Guinness not as a beer but as a wine, dispensing it in wine-glasses before beginning on his own liquor. I had never before seen children drinking Guinness out of wine-glasses, or, indeed, drinking Guinness in this family-party way at all; but these children seemed to enjoy it, though neither they nor their father ever laughed. He occasionally chattered, looking from one to the other of his brood with goggling eyes; but for the most part he kept silent, sipping his absinthe as though thinking about it and occasionally wiping his moustache with his handkerchief.

His long glass finished, he would rise from the table and lead the procession out to the sands again till the sea air had once more revived his thirst. Whereupon the hotelward move would begin and the family would reseat itself round the table, the patriarch opposite his absinthe, and his wife and children sipping another small Guinness out of wine-glasses. And so the day and the holiday and the absinthe and the Guinness continued. There is, I may say, no plot in this story. It is simply a picture of family life at its most united, of an aspect of family life that was as strange to me as the French coinage. To me, however, it is as memorable as Allingham's four ducks on a pond—to be remembered for years, whenever Cape Gris Nez is mentioned, even if not to be remembered with tears.

And, just as I had new light thrown for me on family life during my visit to Cape Gris Nez, so I had new light thrown during the same visit on the way of the Englishman in retaining his fame for honesty in five continents. My friend and I were sitting in a tavern in the neighbourhood one evening when a man in chauffeur's uniform at the next table looked at us inquiringly and said: "English?" We nodded, as this was the easiest thing to do. "Well, I'm English, too," he said; "and I wonder whether you've had the same experience as I have had: there's too much bad money about. Have you had any bad five-franc pieces yet? The country's full of them. I like the French, but nobody can say they're honest. I've had more bad money passed on me in France in a week than you would get in England in twenty years. My experience is that a Frenchman would rather give you bad money than good. It's just the difference between the Frenchman and the Englishman. The Englishman's sort of born honest, and the Frenchman's sort of born dishonest." We nodded as if agreeing with his view of national characteristics. "I tell you this," he went on, "because it's not fair to Englishmen, like you gentlemen, coming on a visit to France. You haven't much chance of being able to pass the bad money back again. I," he went on confidentially, "happen to be in a lucky position. I've been settled in France for the last ten years, and I married a French wife, who's in the box-office at the Moulin Rouge in Paris, and, whenever I get any bad coins, I hand them over to her and she hands them out as change to people as they pay for admission. It's quite simple. Most of the people are in too much of a hurry to notice it. I sometimes don't like doing it; but what can you do if you live among a lot of rogues and thieves. I don't say all the French are dishonest: my little woman is as straight as a die. But I tell you gentlemen that, since I came to this country, I've seen things that would make you blush for human nature."

That picture, too, came into my memory—a picture of insular rectitude struggling to keep itself from being submerged in an ocean of Continental rascality.

Looking back on the places I have visited, I am struck by the fact that, though I remember many of the places themselves chiefly for their beauty, I remember people in them chiefly for their absurdity. The loveliest inland sight I have ever set eyes on was the valley of the Arno with its cypress-covered hills; but, when human beings intrude into my memories of Florence, I recall first of all a busybody housewife on the far side of the river who, after cleaning her top-storey flat every morning and having collected all the waste paper and rubbish she could lay her hands on into bins and baskets, used to pour the contents of these recklessly into the water below. The fact that every flat beneath hers also had a balcony and that her spate of refuse often narrowly missed the head of an old gentleman three floors below as he leaned over the river to admire the view, never seemed to disturb her. Sometimes, as scraps of the falling paper fluttered in about him, the old gentleman would almost break his neck as he twisted it for an upward look and shook his fist and shouted what I took to be objurgations at the housewife. But the only answer he ever got was another storm of dust, paper and vegetable matter, driving him for safety into an inner room.

Another Florentine who stays in my memory is the sacristan—if that is the name for him—of one of the principal churches. I am inclined to feelings of reverence in churches, and prefer them without mercenary company. This man, however, was determined in his guidance, and for him the most wonderful thing about the church was not its architecture or its history, but the fact that, if you stood in a certain part of it and shouted, you could hear a perfect echo. He took us to the place, made a sign to us to be silent, and, filling his lungs, let forth two powerful notes. As the echo came back—and a very good echo it was—his face was transfigured with happiness. He collected his breath for greater efforts, and bellowed a note or two as if he were singing a fortissimo passage in Covent Garden. Again the echo, and again the lung-filling—the lung-filling of a man in love with his voice. After a prolonged display of vocal fireworks, he was courteous enough to suggest that I should take his place and shout a provocation to the echo; but, as I had heard enough echoes to last me some time, and could not hope to rival his Bashanic efforts, I refrained and passed out into the streets of what I shall always think one of the most beautiful cities on earth.

Assisi, again—how enchanting it remains in the memory as a scene—a town built, as it were, of bones on a hill, a town of bells and shrines, looking over the plain across which its citizens once marched to make war on Perugia! Yet, so far as human beings are concerned, the chief associations with Assisi in my memory are with the waiter in the hotel who chased out the cook for her bad cooking and flung a plate after her, and with a little Italian with a long gun firing at an ortolan in an olive tree and beaming at me for approval as the bird fell dead on the grass. That struck me as being a rather topsy-turvy example of human behaviour in the home of Saint Francis.

Most of us, I agree, have associations of a different sort with people in many places: but these are usually with friends, not with strangers that we have met for a passing moment as holiday-makers. In the hurry of a holiday it is the odd and absurd people who are most conspicuous. Donegal, with the summer light of evening on its mountains, seemed to me to be an earthly paradise when I first visited it; but one of the human beings who remains most clearly in my mind is the almost blind fiddler who offered to take me one Sunday to the top of the mountain called Muckish. As he could scarcely see a yard before his nose, he led me to the bottom of what looked to me like a precipice and proposed that we should climb this, as it was the shortest way to the top. I told him I could not possibly do so, and, saying that there was an easier way, he led me to the bottom of a slightly less precipitous grass-covered slope. Ashamed to keep holding back a second time, I began to clamber up the slope in his wake, holding on to clumps of grass, digging my knees into the earth, panting, and, as we got higher, afraid to look down lest I should be overcome with giddiness. As he was unable to see, he was incapable of giddiness and sprang on ahead of me like a monkey, turning round every now and then and calling out? "You're a good climber, Mr. Y." Sheer terror—for I would not have dared to attempt to go back down that dreadful mountain-side—kept me struggling after him, and always, as, sweating and trembling, I clutched a new blade of grass or two, he turned round and enthusiastically repeated his encomium: "You're a good climber, Mr. Y." Then, when at last we stood firmly on the mountain-top, he fixed his almost blind eyes on me and declared still more enthusiastically: "You're a grand climber, Mr. Y." Luckily, we found an easier way down, and by the time we had reached sea-level again, I had resolved never again to climb a mountain with a semi-blind man as my guide.

And so, from Cork to Cordova, from Achill to Aigues Mortes, I have found with the old bishop that, whereas every prospect may please, man is not quite fully up to the scenery among which he lives. I myself prefer man to scenery, but at the same time a strange man is seldom as impressive as a strange mountain. Inanimate nature is seldom comic: human nature often is. That is why, perhaps, our memories of places are so often enchanting, and our memories of people we meet in them mainly trivial and ridiculous.

Y. Y.

CROWN JEWELS

What gives this little isle its high Imperial style,
What makes us heir to ancient Rome's renown?
It's the Crown administration of a native population,
Of the black man, and the yellow and the brown.
What keeps us on the top is our last Imperial prop,
The harvest of historical aggressions—
The subject lands outspread where the map is coloured red,
Our exclusively colonial possessions.

The League-mandated powers do not make the Mandates ours,
Excepting in Imperial opinion,
Nor has Great Britain's word any chance of being heard
In the Commonwealth self-governing Dominion.
The backward folk alone can be reckoned as our own,
Justifying Oriental ceremonial;
We are one among the rest as a nation of the west,
But first among the Powers called colonial.

The Charter does not run in the lands by Britain won
(And exploited by the old Imperial school)
But we ourselves will hand to every subject land
Their Charter of colonial home rule
Till every native child in the tropic southern wild
Receives the Briton's birthright as a gift—
Till the brown man and the black get their independence back,
In the hope they will not choose to cut adrift.

If we would not fade at last like the Empires of the past
And be gathered into death without a dawn,
And bewail our vanished might as a Soviet satellite
Or a transatlantic economic pawn,
If we wish to pull our weight as a ruling Empire State
With ascendancy material and moral,
As our sovereignty wanes we must salvage what remains—
Our tropic belts and far-flung reefs of coral.

Our empire in the end on the black man must depend,
And the love of lesser breeds we have to earn,
For to win black men's consent to Imperial government
Is every living Englishman's concern.
Britons now must welcome in citizens of darker skin
Not cold-shoulder fellow subjects of the Crown,
We can ill-afford to chill Colonial goodwill
By browning off the black men and the brown.

Sagittarius

MUSIC

The second of Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes' concerts, on October 15th, was conducted by Mr Walter Goehr, and began with Lennox Berkeley's recent *Divertimento* for small orchestra. This charming piece is not, nor is it intended to be, "important" music. As the title implies, it is meant to allay the worried mind, to amuse, to brighten, and lightly to touch the feelings. All this it does, and most efficiently. It is "period" music, and the period is 1943. The themes are beguiling, the orchestration sparkling and transparent, the composition full of spontaneous felicities. The slow movement seemed the most completely successful; in the quicker tempi the composer has allowed himself too frequent use of the same accompaniment figure, which, being of an insistent nature, becomes rather tiresome. But the work as a whole seemed to me to amount to more than the string Trio, and to confirm more fully the impression, made by the Symphony, that here is a composer with a kind of talent that very rarely occurs in England and is greatly to be valued in consequence.

Benjamin Britten's *Serenade* for tenor, horn and string orchestra, which followed, is this composer's most recent and (to my thinking) best work. It consists of a series of eight nocturnal elegies—by Cotton, Tennyson, Blake, Ben Jonson and Keats, plus the anonymous Lyke Wake Dirge—preceded and followed by a prologue and epilogue for unaccompanied horn. I have not the space here to describe at length the qualitative impact of this absorbing work; but one would have to go some way back in time, and to some other country, to find music of such astonishing imaginative scope and dramatic power. For these songs are operatic in effect; where *Les Illuminations* merely illustrate Rimbaud's words (and how vividly!) this *Serenade* sets its poems in a series of new contexts. I think it is not too much to say that nobody who has heard the musical setting will ever again read "O Rose, thou art sick," without seeing the vision conjured up by Britten's score—that dark, Dantesque forest stretching as if for miles on every side of the single rose, the outline of whose petals is exactly drawn by the voice. This song, and the Keats sonnet, are great feats of musical compression; they also bode well for Britten's future as a composer of operas, since the kind of *arioso* he here employs is not only melodically original but in the highest degree expressive. At this level of inspiration the lyrical becomes dramatic by virtue of sheer intensity. The Lyke Wake Dirge is best left to make its own terrifying effect, and this the composer has in fact done: the verses are chanted, without a single break, from *piano to fortissimo* and back, above an extraordinary fugue, lugubrious and adust. The musical image is perfect: we are face to face with the expressionless glare of Death. While listening to these songs I was sometimes aware that the composer had paid insufficient attention to the metre of the poems. In setting masterpieces of English verse this matters a good deal. For instance, the tune chosen for Tennyson's "The splendour falls on castle walls" is splendid enough in itself, but destroys the spondai intention of the metre, especially in the later verse And in the Cotton "Pastoral" the accent frequently falls on the wrong word, though in this case th smoothness of the rhythm to some extent softe the error. Both the tenor, Mr. Peter Pears (wh was clearly suffering from a cold), and the hor player, Mr. Dennis Brain (who seemed, excusably a little nervous), will undoubtedly do greater justice to this work on a future occasion. As it was, the performances were sufficiently remarkable, and th strings played beautifully under Mr. Goehr's mo sensitive direction. The concert ended with Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*, which one remembers as amo the most delicious of ballets. Stravinsky's paraphra of an earlier century, often so dull and affected, i thoroughly justified in his handling of Pergolesi's material.

The Sunday concerts of the London Philharmonic Orchestra are a very spirited undertaking. The stag of the Adelphi Theatre has been boxed in to mak a very good acoustic, and the auditorium is one o the most comfortable in London. (This is an important consideration, for cramped seats make for distracted listening). The programmes are catholic but contain enough that is familiar to attract the mos hardened musical conservative. It will be a scand if the public does not give this series its full suppor for, judging by the three concerts already given, th level of performance is high. The latest programme, on October 17th, consisted of Britten's *Matini Musicales*, Debussy's Rhapsody for Saxophone an Orchestra, the Grieg Piano Concerto and Brahms's First Symphony. Mr. Anatol Fistoulari is a conductor of taste and experience. The Rossini-Britten suite was rather lacking in the impetuosity demanded by the extremely brilliant orchestration; but the Debussy made the right kind of expensive sound. I though Mr. Cyril Smith a shade academic in the first an last movements of the concerto, but the Adagio coul hardly have been better.

Readers are reminded that Mr. Gerald Cooper ha instituted a new series of Chamber Concerts, th first of which, devoted to Haydn, was given at Wigmo Hall on October 17th. Future concerts on Octob 31st (Bach), November 14th (Brahms), November 28t (Dvorak), December 12th (Beethoven).

Edward Sackville West

Correspondence

CHILDREN'S COURTS

Sir,—The High Court has given three magistrates heads on a charger. A detective-inspector's head i thrown in. And so the sadist in all of us finds pleasu able excitement. What good may come of it at last May I suggest some "goods":

(1) The provision everywhere of full-time Justice Clerks, appointed, paid and pensioned by the Stat fully qualified in law and social science, obtaini promotion and transfer from smaller to larger cour retiring at 65.

(2) Grouping of small borough and rural courts t make this possible.

(3) The Clerk to rule in matters of law.

(4) Lay justices to observe the courts for six mont before adjudicating and to take a course of traini approved by the Lord Chancellor, e.g., throu lectures on powers and procedure of courts and o methods of penal treatment, with visits to priso Borstals and Approved Schools.

(5) The appointment of advisory officers (e.g experienced and able Clerks) to travel round t courts, to study the methods used and consult wi magistrates and clerks on the problems of the cou They would have no powers, so magisterial indepen ence would be intact.

(6) The abolition of birching. The Hereford ca illustrates the law's dilemma. If the child is whipp "as soon as practicable," he is denied the right o appeal. If the right of appeal were respected he wou spend a fortnight in an agony of apprehension—unle he were a young tough used to paternal thrashings.

Mr. Justice Hallett forgot the press when he s the juvenile courts sat behind closed doors. The pres men are our eyes and ears. They are neither blind n umb, and the law lets them report everything that appens in the juvenile court, forbidding only the ublication of the children's names, addresses, schools d photographs. Such privacy as belongs to the uvenile court protects not the Bench but the child.

Every criminal court has two functions, first, to nd guilt or innocence, and secondly, if guilt is roved, to order sentence. The child, like its elders, entitled to a fair trial. When it comes to treatment he juvenile court should abjure all idea of retribution nd deterrence and find out, by careful inquiry, what best for the child's welfare and ultimate happiness. Having done this it should try to carry the parents ith it and win their co-operation. A child without s parents' care lacks one of the rights of childhood; we should, through our schools, child guidance linics and social services, do our damnedest to get square deal for the child with the consent and ctive co-operation of its parents. But there are ases, happily rare, where parents cannot give their hildren the care and training, affection and security very child needs. Then must the juvenile court ustice take courage and risk misunderstanding and his best for the child, even at the expense of the arent.

And what is the good of saying all this so long as he Home Office fails to give us Observation Centres here people who understand the ways of children can udy the "delinquents" and give advice to our agistrates? We have waited for 16 years for those bservation Centres. Of course, the war . . .

CICELY M. CRAVEN
Honorary Secretary,
The Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions., S.W.1.

INFORMATION ABOUT INDIA

SIR,—Writing as an American, with many ties with is country, I would like to put before you certain oints with regard to British policy in India, which I nd many other Americans) fail to understand. I m aware that the ordinary Englishman is deeply nscious of the seriousness of the situation in India, ut I cannot see that anything is being done to satisfy is serious questioning. Your India Society finds it ecessary (over the signature of the Secretary of State r India) to appeal for support. Your daily newspapers hardly ever mention India, unless it is with eference to political arrests or starvation in Calcutta. nd yet textbooks on the constitution of the British mpire make it plain that the Indian Government is delegated government, subordinate to the will of e House of Commons. Now those Americans who ave taken the trouble to get first-hand information of your Parliamentary system respect your House of Commons. We greatly admire the constructive, democratic use to which Question Time in the House is put. But we do not understand how the House, and the men in the street behind it, are to make up their minds fairly about India when so little current information is available.

I have just discovered that Indian papers are available in London clubs and at the India House. Recently some of us were disturbed to find that a short paragraph in *The Manchester Guardian* dealing with the release of certain prisoners in India at the order of the High Court for wrongful imprisonment appeared in no other paper. To an American such an order is a proof of democracy. Is it of no interest in England? Or is it that the Indian Government wishes to obscure an obvious administrative slip-up? On turning to the Indian papers of early August, now available in London, I find plentiful matter, which seems to me to have both news and information value, none of which has been printed in the English papers.

For instance, in the Calcutta *Statesman* of August 5th a leading article discusses the sudden declaration of the censorship of private letters in India, coupled with a serious warning that it is an offence to pass on "prejudicial reports," as well as information likely to help the enemy. Apparently this was done in Assam and is the first disclosure of a system of internal censorship that has been in operation for some time. To an American this seems a strange way of governing. Surely all government actions should be open and clear?

The same paper, under the heading "Anachronism," describes the use of specially reserved coaches on the railroad by executive councillors. The article is written with a firm, good sense, easily appreciated by the American mind. Perusal of the well-written pages of *The Hindu* throws much light on Indian affairs—and raises some doubts. The reception of Lord Wavell's appointment seems to have been more mixed than the London papers reported. There is much in this paper which seems convincing to an American. The advocacy is certainly excellent and the tone moderate. I found the leader of June 22nd on the British Labour Party interesting and penetrating, as also the discussion on June 25th of "Economic Reconstruction" in India. Doubtless what is said here would be contradicted by the London papers. The point is that nowhere in the London daily press can I find any serious discussion of Indian affairs, apart from the war, the Viceroy, the Secretary of State and Congress. Certain Americans have spoken and written bitterly of British "Imperialism" in India. I would like to know more before I judge. You may say that it is no business of mine to judge. But this war for democracy and the vital necessity of Anglo-American understanding forces us all to judge. In my present state of ignorance it seems to me that your Government is throwing away sympathy and inviting suspicion by not fully stating the Indian position, both to Englishmen and foreigners.

AN AMERICAN

THE CAUSE OF EMPIRE

SIR,—In reviewing my Penguin, Mr. Leonard Barnes has, considering the real differences between us, treated me with indulgence. I do not, therefore, intend to answer back about matters of fact or interpretation. But I do want to say something about method.

There are, of course, differences in the methods employed by historians and social scientists just as there are differences in the methods employed by different kinds of social scientists—economists, anthropologists, etc. But all these workers, if they know their business, have one thing in common; they must submit themselves to the discipline of fact. The real contrast is between the investigators, whether historians or social scientists, who accept this discipline, and the idealogues or doctrinaires who do not accept it, but approach the study of society with a set of abstract ideas which they try to impose upon the stubborn reality.

For these reasons, I doubt whether it is possible for me to be, as Mr. Barnes suggests, both a good historian and a bad social scientist. If my work has the faults which he ascribes to it, I have to that extent failed as an historian. If, on the contrary, his evaluation of my history is incorrect, he has to that extent failed as a social scientist.

W. K. HANCOCK
11b, Gledhow Gardens, S.W.5.

STARVING THE PUBLISHER

SIR,—More paper for the book trade can only mean more books if the men and women who will print and bind them are left in the trade.

This very week numbers of deferments for these very people expire, and there is grave doubt whether the Advisory Committee will succeed in retaining them in the trade. Should they fail the gain to the Services will be negligible, but the loss to the book-producing trade will be disastrous.

For three years past the demand for books has grown prodigiously. During that time all the younger men and women have been taken by the Services. No new labour has come into the trade, and normal wastage through sickness, age and death has not been replaced. Moreover, the efficiency of many remaining hands is still being sapped by endless Home Guard parades and the like.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Therefore, if more books are wanted the prime essential is retention in the trade of all printing and binding hands of Service age and immediate restriction of Home Guard duties. Only then will more paper mean more books.

LIONEL DARLEY

RUSSIAN WAR PRISONERS

SIR,—Your readers will be interested to know of opportunities now occurring for relief work among Russian prisoners of war in Germany. World Student Relief, of which the British Committee of International Student Service is a co-operating member, is arranging to send books and mimeographed courses of study to these men from its headquarters in Geneva.

May I appeal through your columns on behalf of those Russian Prisoners of War for moderately recent university textbooks and classics in the Russian language, new or secondhand, especially in the field of Mathematics and Science? Anyone who possesses such books and who is willing to sacrifice them for these students in captivity, is asked to send them immediately to

THE SECRETARY,
International Student Service,
11D Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

BIRTH, POVERTY AND WEALTH

SIR,—It is not, in my view, one of the privileges of an author to criticise the opinions expressed by a reviewer, but when it is a question of facts then I think an author has certain duties which he should not attempt to avoid. For example, Dr. Roberts in his review of my book refers to "The Life Tables Issued in 1920." There were no Life Tables issued in 1920. The Tables expressing the mortality experience of 1911–2 were published in 1914, and those relating to the mortality of 1920–2 were issued in 1927. In any case these have long since been superseded by the Tables for 1930–2. To quote, in 1943, the mortality indices of 1911–2 or 1920–2 as reflecting the conditions of to-day is hardly justified. Dr. Roberts also states that the general death rate "had, in the previous fifty years, fallen from 21.4 to 12.4." Dr. Roberts would, I am sure, be the first to admit that the general (or crude) rate is a most unsatisfactory index to employ (especially when the standardised rate is available), but apart from this no crude rate of 21.4 appears in the records as far back as 1863. The only rate of 21.4 which I can trace is that for 1841–5, which is nearly 100 years ago—not fifty. Dr. Roberts further states that in the same period of fifty years the infant mortality rate has fallen from 149 to 53. (The rate was 149 in 1863, 1873, 1871–80, 1886 and 1891. As Dr. Roberts was writing in 1938 it is difficult to say which year he had in mind. Dr. Roberts made these statements in a review of an earlier book of mine, "Poverty and Population" in your columns in December 1938. If perhaps I had corrected him then they might not have been repeated. As it is he has used 40 lines of his 1938 review and applied them to a commentary on another book (on a totally different subject) five years later. His present review also includes 23 lines taken from the press reports of the Ministry of Health's Summary Report for the year ended March 31st, 1943. This report, incidentally, is quite unrelated to the subject of my book, namely, the trend of infant mortality by social class since 1911.

Birth, Poverty and Wealth comprises the results of three years of statistical work expressed in 22 Tables and 4 Appendices. The only reference that Dr. Roberts makes to this body of evidence on the changes in the *relative* positions of the social classes is a single quotation from the wrapper of the book. On that alone Dr. Roberts states that I (and Dr. Newfield) have allowed "our scientific objectivity to be tempered by personal presumptions and preconceptions." Will Dr. Roberts kindly tell me where my statistical technique is at fault, for it is on the analysis of several million statistics that the conclusions of the book are based.

RICHARD M. TITMUSS

ACTOR AND CRITIC

SIR,—Five years ago I had occasion to gather statistics on the position of the Provincial Theatre. That inquiry disclosed that in 1914 there were 450 theatres (including towns of less than 30,000 population). Of the 450, there were 288 in towns of over 30,000.

Theatre employees numbered 5,760. In 1938 (24 years later) barely 100 theatres were functioning as drama houses, and the employees had dwindled to 2,000.

The diminution was due to the fact that "Showmen" found that running cinemas was a better paying proposition! Which does not mean that the popular taste for drama had died out. On the contrary, I was informed that in 1938 no less than 20,000 amateur dramatic societies were functioning. In London, one notes, there are just as many theatres to-day as in 1914. Thirty-six theatres advertise their wares in the daily press, but one finds that only seven risk presenting serious drama. Simply stated, lighter fare pays better. Why? This, too, is simply a matter of economics. Theatre landlords demand high rents—a very old complaint! When empty theatres were scarce, I have known the original £250 weekly rent of a West End theatre soar up to £800. The result is that entrepreneurs have to rely on the patronage of stalls and dress circle to discharge their liabilitie As for serious drama, they are not intrigued. It i an axiom with the showman that the wealthier patro was never "gone" on the thing, anyway; so his t is to supply the "flimsier" fare.

ROBB LAWSON

THE CASE OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—We are sorry that Mr. R. D. Reid still insis that he had ample reason for quoting Dr. Stekel i support of his thesis. It is therefore our duty towar your readers to point out that Dr. Stekel in his boo on Homosexuality, and even more clearly in his la publication on this matter, in No. 6, 1929, in *Nerv arzt*, emphatically denied the inborn character o homosexuality. He at the same time greatly deplore the interference of the law, except for the protection o the young against the danger of seduction. We fully share his view.

We know only too well that acquired homosexuality does not always imply the possibility of a cure and w wish only to state once more: those who desire t change, and they are at present in the minority, stand a fair chance of being cured. To withhold this information from these few would seem unfair.

28 Carlton Hill, N.W.8. HILDA STEKEL
6 Broom Ave., Salford, Manchester DR. S. Low

GIFTS OF GOD

AN APOLOGY

In our last week's issue, October 16th, w published an article entitled *Gifts of God*, i which the author stated that Dorothy (Mrs. William) Paterson and Dorothy Crisp are th same person. We have now learnt that i making this statement we were wholly mistaken.

We hereby offer unreserved and sincere apologies to Mrs. William Paterson and regret an trouble and inconvenience that we have caused her. We have since had an opportunity of seeing the notepaper of the Council of Seven. W understand that it is now called the Council o Seven Beliefs.

We also offer our unreserved and sincer apologies to Miss Dorothy Crisp and regret an trouble and inconvenience caused to her.

We should add a word of apology to our readers. In publishing this article we acted in good fait and on the basis of information which seemed indisputable. We are not now in a position t explain the origin of this egregious error. W can only make a clean breast of the matte admit that we were completely deceived and mak the most humble apologies to everyone concerned

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

. . . Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop and filled his
  head.
 He went, his piping took a troubled sound
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

o writes Matthew Arnold in the elegy to his iend Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at the age f forty-one. "His piping took a troubled ound . . ." I suppose for most readers Clough nmediately registers the famous poem "Say ot the struggle nought availeth"—a poem which usually construed as a positive affirmation. It as Arnold's faintly patronising tone that first used me to reconsider the poem and in re-ading it I found no real affirmation; but ther, a plea for assurance. Even in the final erse:

And not by eastern windows only
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs, slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright,

ere is a tinge of gentle disillusion, and a false yme, as if he were resolved thus to crystallise is thought at the expense of his form. (Also, ssibly, to prefigure the entry of America into e war?) Re-examination of this poem led to a eper resentment of Arnold's lines, and the termination to find the essential quality of lough.

He led, outwardly at least, an uneventful life. e was born in 1819, on New Year's Day, and ent his early childhood in America. His iritual life began with his arrival at Rugby at e age of ten, with a scholarship. For the next ne years, therefore, he was directly under nold's eye, and was his favourite, his near-otheosis.

> Why, my dear boy, how often have I not heard from you, how he used to attack offences, not as offences—the right view—against discipline, but as sin, heinous guilt, and I don't know what beside. Why didn't he flog them and hold his tongue? Flog them he did, but why preach?

So, for nine years Clough was preached at (but ver flogged) and then won a Balliol scholar-ip. Rugby was the "happy ground", Oxford the storms that rage." For Oxford was then nt in two by the Tractarian Movement, the igh Church Anglo-Catholic mysticism of Keble, sey, and Newman: the antithesis of that uscular Christianity neatly summed up in the otation above, which is from the prose epilogue his poem *Dipsychus*. He failed, owing to ligious preoccupations, to get his First, and the od Dr. Arnold was much distressed. But later got a Fellowship at Oriel. Warden-ship of a niversity hall in London—foreign travel—a p to America where he became a firm friend Emerson—a late marriage—an early death those are, so to speak, the dust-jacket and covers his life.

The two profound, even oppressive, influences on him were these two forms of Christianity. e tremendous conflict set up in his mind was solved, if at all, into a kind of all-tolerant nostic cynicism, and a hard sophisticated wit. t it would be wrong to imagine Clough as bittered. He would never have railed at whatever brute and blackguard made the world." t there is in him a temper similar to both usman's and Hardy's.

His deep sincerity and integrity of self are yond question; when he found his tutorship bearable because of the narrow atmosphere of ford, he immediately resigned it, although he d no other means of livelihood at the time. It small wonder that the mid-Victorian public, eady in taste Tennysonian, found him difficult stomach:

. . Now supposing the French or the Neapolitan
 soldier
ould by some evil chance come exploring the
 Maison Serny,
here the English Family are all to assemble for
 safety),
Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British
 female?
 . . . Be large of aspiration, pure in hope,
Sweet in fond longings, but in all things vague . . .

 Do not adultery commit,
 Advantage rarely comes of it.

But Clough is not a poet you can pin down in quotation. His best work is long and must be read as a whole. He is not a lyric poet. He is an intellectual, a philosophical, wit. He had a great facility of technique which sometimes undid him, but at its best, as in the management of hexameters, is admirable. He might have written brilliant "Intimate Revue" lyrics had he lived now, and it is a pity he never found a Sullivan, for there is a strong dramatic sense in him.

It is permissible to draw a parallel between Clough and the early Eliot. He most certainly would have approved Mr. Eliot's "Sunday Morning Service" and might have been invited to preach on his own text:

And almost everyone when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like him.

The deification of the Indefinite in the final line is typical of Clough's irony. But Clough did not make the same impact on his generation as Mr. Eliot has upon his. Society, I think, was too strong for him. The Victorian was too secure, he could afford to smile at "that advanced Mr. Clough" and conveniently forget him, murmuring as it were, "His piping takes a troubled sound . . . but then, poor fellah, he's a Radical."

 Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop and filled his head.

All his life he was aware of men unblest not only in a religious context but also in a social; but he was not of the humour of the politician.

Soon after the resignation of his tutorship it was known that he had been brought to press of a slim volume. Would it be an attack upon Newman? A religious satire? Heads were nodded, tongues and fingers wagged. Then was published *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, which is the delightful mock-epic of an Oxford reading party in the Highlands. It is gay, vital, original; and perhaps the only long poem ever successfully to use the Classical hexameter. The "hero" of the poem is a young radical poet who, after Experiences at the Castle finally (and rightly) marries a crofter's daughter. This sounds bald and naif, but the whole poem is so instinct with the charm and humour of Clough himself that it is worth reading for these alone. It is far more than a *tour de force*. Here is one quotation:

Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and
 artistical handling,
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated

—the whole thing is as fresh and clean as a highland burn! It is Clough at his most simple, treading firmly the happy ground of his Rugby self.

How utterly different is his other long poem in hexameters! *Amours de Voyage* is a narrative in a series of letters. It is hard with the complex brilliance of a cut diamond, superbly *ennuyé*, the work of a subtle and "civilised" man. It has an astonishingly modern taste.

Dulce it is, and *decorum*, no doubt, for the country to
 fall—to
Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for
 the Cause, yet
Still, individual culture is also something, and no man
Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others
 is called on
Or would be justified even, in taking away from the
 world that
Precious creature, himself.

The account of the siege of Rome by the French in 1849 is brilliantly and vividly alive, the character and thoughts of the narrator subtly and cynically presented. It is hard to believe that this was his next work after the *Bothie*. But these two poems are the expression of the two sides of the conflict inside Clough: the one gay and humorous and simple, the other complex and satirical and sophisticated.

And this conflict between the two sides of his mind is the whole stuff of *Dipsychus*, a long self-analysis in the form of a dialogue between Dipsychus and a Spirit, roughly representing the Ideal and the Worldly. Clough left deliberately vague what he intended his protagonists to be.

Di. To please my own poor mind! To find repose;
 To physic the sick soul; to furnish vent
 To diseased humours in the moral frame!

Sp. A sort of seton, I suppose,
 A moral bleeding at the nose . . .

The poem was not published in his lifetime, and it is little more than a fragment, but "Fragment as it is, we think it deserves no meaner title than that of our English Faust," observed a trustworthy contemporary. (Indeed, what a perfect translator of Goethe he would have been!) It is not a true comparison since *Dipsychus* is an internal subjective mental fight. Within its framework are some of the best short satirical pieces Clough wrote, though they lose much of their particular flavour when raped from their context. It is the Spirit which sings:

I sit at my table en grand seigneur,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor;
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving.
 So pleasant it is to have money heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

or,

 This world is very odd we see
 We do not comprehend it;
 But in one fact we all agree,
 God won't, and we can't, mend it.

But the mood of Dipsychus is,

 How shall I laugh and sing and dance?
 My very heart recoils,
 While here to give my mirth a chance
 A hungry brother toils.

It is easier to quote from the lyrics than from the dialogue, but this also is full of lines and whole sections of Clough at his best: a taut athletic wit and technique, and a vivid panache of rhyme. The scene is laid in Venice and the rich atmosphere and colour and texture of the place are remarkably well evoked. The obvious criticism of the poem is that it is diffuse and that the conflicts in it are never resolved. Had Clough lived he might have made much more of it. As it stands it is so full of thought, so intensely human, and so much the work of a profound and forthright mind that one can put aside its evident imperfections.

Clough's output was not great. His shorter poems are variable, and some are pretty bad, but in all the best of his work this double quality—one part of which I think approximates to Yeats's demand from the poets of to-day for "something steel-like within the will, something passionate and cold"—gives to his work an enduring freshness which will surprise many readers who think of him—if they think of him at all—as a dull minor figure in the mid-Victorian literary Tussaud's.

 Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive
 Officiously to keep alive . . .

It is typical of the fate of Clough that the savage satire from which this quotation is taken should now be found in anthologies of comic verse.

PATRIC DICKINSON

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MR. DE LA MARE'S ANTHOLOGY

Love. By Walter de la Mare. Decorations by Barnett Freedman. *Faber.* 25*s.*

That Immortal Garland. Edited by B. H. Bronson. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

One can't, in the way of reviewing, hope to enjoy Mr. de la Mare's new book. It's too vast, nearly 600 pages of text and 150 of introduction; a lengthy summer would be needed to plot paths and rediscover views. I have done the usual rush round, aided—or not—by a spell of 'flu. Frontiers are crossed, mountain merges into cloud, a valley branches out into other valleys; but there's no time to explore. Everything must be held flying. A glance (but what are we coming to next?) for the bits one knows already, a hurried assumption of leisure when some new and attractive corner comes into sight. If I had the time, here and here are places where I should choose to stop and look round: that is as near as the reviewer (unless he puts off writing till Christmas) can hope to get to a book whose mood is the exact opposite of his own.

Some things the week-ender can decide on as well as the traveller armed with a three-months return. There is no doubt about the largess, the variety of Mr. de la Mare's choice. Love in every mood from the ecstatic to the cynical; lovers encountering, anticipating, enjoying, parted; love of God and love of gold; poets apostrophising and anatomising love, philosophers being axiomatic; renunciation, denunciation; idealism, sex, friendship, anecdotes from myth or natural history—too much about love even, one may feel, has been brought between covers. Tripper or not, I have been unable to derive a great deal from Mr. de la Mare's introduction, a spell-binding affair with an occasional exquisite passage (that on faces, for example), but so [illegible]tched and elusive that the reader may long for the more brutal discourse "covering the ground." The anthology itself, when at last we come to it, contains many indispensable favourites, artfully spaced, and some delightful surprises. Besides the famous aphorists on the subject, here is a little-known one—Richard Garnett:

> Love and Love read always from the same book, but not always from the same page.

Shakespeare's hundred-and-sixteenth sonnet is here, and also this anonymous letter from a girl who died a few days after in hospital:

> Dear Alf,
>
> I seen you last night in my dream. O my dear I cried at waking up. What a silly girl you been and got. The pain is bad this morning but I laugh at the sollum cloks of the sisters and the sawbones. I can see they think I am booked but they don't know what has befalen between you and me. How could I die and leave my Dear. I spill my medecin this morning thinking of my Dear. Hopeing this finds you well no more now from yours truly Liz.

In letters, which for some reason Mr. de la Mare has been spare in using, there is more material to his purpose, I should have thought, than in a good deal of the prose taken from essays and novels. Possibly, even in a collection with so wide a scope, Mr. de la Mare did not wish Life, as against Literature, to have too much of a say. His *Love* is a *cathédrale engloutie :* don't ripple the surface! Keats's St. Agnes, therefore, excludes Fanny Brawne, and Poe's "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir" is preferred to the passionate utterances of Mozart and Van Gogh; though if a miser from Miss Sitwell's *English Eccentrics* can find a place here, why not a great artist who has loved his art?

The fabric of Mr. de la Mare's edifice, however, is in its verse, and this has been chosen generously. Blake, Campion, Coleridge, Baudelaire (translated by Alan Conder), Donne, Hardy, Christina Rossetti, Shakespeare and Shelley, are the poets most quoted; but there is a little contributing to the theme from almost everywhere. It would be pointless to start criticising particular choices; to wonder, for example, why Browning yields only two pieces and Beddoes nine. Perhaps the anthologists who have gone this way already have left footmarks which Mr. de la Mare felt it necessary to step round; *Love's Helicon*, particularly, trod the middle of the path with a hard assurance lacking, it seems to me, in Mr. de la Mare. If I prefer Mr. Hayward's anthology, that may be due to a predilection for the method that restricts and defines. Mr. de la Mare's *Love* drops hints, weaves spells, wanders off to cull perspectives which may or may not enlarge the theme. It may be, for some readers, the book of a lifetime; those who cherish the author's *Behold This Dreamer* will find the same delicacy of understanding at work here. I am grateful for the anonymous ballads, the women writers included, the taste and learning which take us so far afield. Possibly it is only reviewer's fatigue that makes me want to quote as a favourite piece from this collection the Duchess of Newcastle's

O Love, how thou art tired out with rhyme!
Thou art a tree whereon all poets climb;
And from thy branches every one takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon.
But now thy tree is left so bare and poor,
That they can hardly gather one plumb more.

After one reading and dipping since here and there, I can't pretend to know how far the many items add up; certainly, among them there is enough for everyone to do his own picking and choosing.

The scope of the other book, an anthology praising England and made by an American, is both narrower and less evocative. It is a mixture—heartening if you're in the mood—of patriotism, famous battles, our heritage, the fight for freedom, and reflections in time of crisis. Poetically, love of country comes out best when it is identified with a countryside: "Tintern Abbey" and "Prothalamion" necessarily outshine even the best of battle pieces. The selection has been made without any of those inhibitions which might deter an English editor, though there is some reticence when it comes to the poetry of this century. A little less of Tennyson in his public mood and a little more of Blake might also have been a good thing.

G. W. Stonier

FOR EDEN'S MOSCOW BAG

Soviet Asia. By R. A. Davies and A. J. Steiger. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Our Soviet Ally. By M. Cole, N. Barou, T. Narodny and A. Steinberg. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

U.S.S.R.: Her Life and Her Peoples. By Maurice Dobb. *University of London Press.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Russia's Economic Front. By A. Yugow. *Watts.* 15*s.*

Mr. Davies and Mr. Stieger have both crossed Soviet Asia twice, the second time in 1940. But they don't claim to have seen all that they describe in the half continent which stretches from the Caspian Sea to the Bering Straits, from the ice of Cape Chelyuskin to the sands of Altan-Bulag. They have seen enough to add credibility to the most detailed work of research on Soviet Asia which has yet appeared. Siberia and Central Asia were fertilised by the Revolution; the war has proved an *accoucheur*. The plans to build industries in the Urals, in Krasnoyarsk, in Kazakhstan, in Yakutia, in the Amur region have become concrete and steel. Soviet Asia was crying out for people in 1938. In 1941 the trek of men and women and cattle from the West advanced the settlement plans by years. Soviet Asia is acquiring a new importance in world affairs. The Revolution established the rights of the Asiatic peoples in Soviet life; Stalin fostered the patriotism which has joined the one-time oppressed peoples in the defence of their country. Since the war Soviet Asia, from being a hinterland which Russian goodwill towards the comrades of the East was helping to develop, has become with its new populations a central element in Soviet power. The Urals are the fulcrum of war industry. Kazakhstan is the Canada of the Russian air training scheme. The Arctic sea routes and the Far East air lines lead to the post-war world. The Russians, as this book emphasises, intend to develop fully the great mineral wealth of Asia. The native populations, contented with their part in the multi-national state, will sh in the work and the reward. How Soviet Asia its new strength will live with its neighbours as interesting to Britain and America as t question of Russia's Western frontiers. Like umbilical cord, the Sinkiang Road, that anci camel track, still attaches North-west China Kazakhstan and henceforward to the Ural regio It is reasonable in war and peace for Russia trade with China. Only a few miles separ Tadjikistan from India. Kamchatka stares Alaska. The Soviet Union, America and th British Empire are peacetime neighbours no le than wartime allies. Geography has involve the interests of the three countries in each othe If Eden is going to Moscow with an Angl American Alliance in his pocket or his hea which doesn't accept Russia as a full partner, might as well take the draft of a Declaration War for 1950. *Soviet Asia* is a Soviet programm which we should do well to believe; it is t history of the next half-century.

Our Soviet Ally describes, rather late b effectively, Russia's economic and political insti tutions. None of the four Fabian writers h visited the Soviet Union recently, and this wate the milk of their sympathetic writing. Margar Cole, who edits the essays, gives a valuab portrait of the constitution. What is Sovie democracy when there are no alternative parti and sometimes no alternative candidates? Sh avoids a direct answer, but her collaborato suggest that in Russia functional democracy the rights that you have in your place of wo and living—is more important than politic democracy, which may be reduced to the fo mality of casting a vote.

Mr. Barou's essay gives new and importa information about the Russian trade union Accustomed to thinking of the Unions as defensive weapon, some people may find it ha to understand the need for labour to organise a Socialist State, and imagine, therefore, that t Russian trade unions are not free. Mr. Bar shows that the Russian trade unions are volunta associations, charged with the tasks of workin class welfare. They negotiate through th Central Committees the distribution of the wa pool; they draw up collective agreements f wages and conditions of labour; they carry o factory inspection, advise on the up-grading workers, take part in production conferences, he in house-planning. They are a tutelary organis tion for the workers where there is no place f the American trade union grafter, the Germ trade union *Bonze* or the British trade union bos The T.U.C., the C.I.O. and A.F.L. have fall into a vulgar error in doubting the Soviet prop gandists—or, as we would nowadays call the the Soviet Public Relations Officers—who clai that the Russian trade unions are popular volu tary associations, a part of their "functional democracy.

If twenty years ago there had been textboo for school children like Mr. Dobb's *U.S.S.R. Her Life and Her People*, it would now be u necessary to write textbooks on Russia f adults. The University of London Press h produced a well-printed volume which could easily understood in the upper forms of seconda schools, and provides good material for teache who want to explain Russia, without having to d among the bibliographies. The book, spanni the whole of Russian life in 136 pages, could more easily read if Mr. Dobb were to supply cro headings to separate the stages of his argument a the groups of his statistics. The illustrations well printed and bright. It might have be better if they weren't all so bright. The pictur of shining buildings, well-washed children a smiling collective farmers might have usefu been interspersed with some Russian war-pictur The stumps of Kursk and the peasants in th earth dug-outs are more representative of Weste Russia to-day than pre-war pictures of Kharko

Mr. Yugow writing from New York on *Russia Economic Front* has found himself in a difficult He almost completed his book before Russia h shown her strength. His opinion of the Fiv ar Plans was that Soviet statistics were ggerated and that the system as a whole pended on coercion. But before he could send manuscript to the printers, Russia resisted in way that showed her people's power and will. r. Yugow's book reflects his confusion.

There stands the hippopotamus. Mr. Yugow ys "I don't believe it."

MAURICE EDELMAN

WEST INDIAN GHOSTS

est Indian Summer. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.

There is something very odd about this book. ghost seems to haunt it, a firm, plaintive and igent little negation :

> As he stood under a palm tree by the mouth of the Yarra river, gazing out at the foaming South Atlantic that heaved in the tropical sun, Cashel wondered what kind of a book he might produce if he followed these eminent examples. A few descriptive sketches, written without love, without understanding, offered to the reader diffidently—but with a wry smile?

The mark of interrogation adds a final touch of eepiness to his evocation of the West Indian ene. Looking back on the summer he spent as A.D.C. just before the war in Trinidad, r. Pope-Hennessy is nonplussed by the vitality the handful of writers and travellers who have d something to say about the West Indies. ow out of place the white man has always been ere! The industrious Trollope, the earnest rs. Carmichael, the angry Froude, the exuberant enry Coleridge and the exhausting Charles ingsley do not precisely dismay the author, but ey leave him powerless, lost in a reader's dream. e enormously sociable dead crowd him into a ade.

Such an ennui is one of the rarely exploited oods of travel and Mr. Pope-Hennessy has used appropriately. He has stepped aside from the vivid reality of life on the Caribbean islands, d has sought to describe in this book what a ocession of earlier travellers saw from the teenth century to Froude and he has interwved their vigorous comments with diffident eculations of his own. Dudley with his izabethan eye for gold, praise and glory, takes inidad in the name of the Queen, by nailing plaque on a tree and ignoring the Spanish cupation; Raleigh goes there like a gangster. ow strange it is that these flaming actors should the forerunners of a colonial world that was to so British, so stolid, so busy, so traditional; that it should all be leading to official prize-givings where coloured students are firmly trained to sing *Loch Lomond* and *Allan Water*. The Victorians have swallowed the Elizabethans. And there is a curious point here : the empire has maintained its tremendous Victorian aspect. Nowhere so much as in the West Indies, has it had the opportunity of displaying itself as a super-Botanical Gardens, a natural greenhouse and conservatory.

Of all the travellers Trollope is the man who strikes one as having the most common sense. Very British, very prejudiced, very industrious, he had an undismayed pragmatism. He believed in the advantage of mixing the white and coloured races, and although his hopeful prophecies about the extinction of the pure white have not been, by any means, fulfilled, the tendency he accepted is plain enough. "Old Trollope banging about the world," wrote Froude. Trollope does indeed "bang," but one is grateful for a relief from the whimperers of the Indies, from the apoplectic, the enraged, from the constant howl about people in England "who do not know the conditions out here." As for Froude—Mr. Pope-Hennessy's study of the Imperialistic misanthrope is my favourite one in this book. The fortunes of the Indies had slumped in the nineteenth century and Froude arrived to find a rich field for his pessimism. There was a hidden rage of sentimentality in Froude. He harked after the time when, Liberalism having done its worst with the Empire, we should be at last cured of our illusions and should gather together the remnants of past greatness. In the meantime he agreed with Trollope that the English would be crowded out, but foresaw—with some shrewdness—that after the "inevitable quarrel" between mulattoes and blacks, the drift of trade and influence would be to New Orleans and New York. By the time Froude reached Havana he was simply bursting with readiness to tell unpleasant truths and it was in the hotel there that he set to work upon Carlyle :

> There is something fearful in the thought of this extraordinary old man writing, behind the closed jealousies of a hot Havana hotel room, stabbing down upon the paper the whole sordid truth about Carlyle's marriage—his sexual impotence, her bitter frustration—concocting in this seedy Spanish town a document that has been called "so poisonous that it should never have been written."

Standing apart from the busyness, the tradition, the colonial rows, is the fictional figure of Cashel, Mr. Pope-Hennessy's disguise and ghost, and it is from him, rather than from the travellers, that one receives one's permanent impressions of the torpid and too vegetable scene. Nostalgia and a studied incomprehension give a peculiar, alert, quiet mischief to his eye.

> It is all very hard to understand. Another category regarded negroes as charming and picturesque children, but children that were difficult if spoiled. Another category was made up of persons themselves tinged with the blood of Africa, at pains to conceal a self-evident affinity. There were several more classes but Cashel, with his ignorance and inexperience, saw no reason to trust his own judgment. Many of the little indications he noticed, may well, he used to feel, have been utterly imaginary. Occasionally these indications were of such a nature that he most passionately hoped that they were indeed inventions of his own brain.

The book is finely illustrated with plates appropriate to the periods described. The early Victorian ones are very graceful.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SPECTATOR

99 Gower Street. By WILSON HARRIS. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

The weekly newspaper provides for many the current equivalent of the eighteenth century sermon. One congregation sits under Mr. Wilson Harris in the Proprietary Chapel in Gower Street ; another prefers the Bethel in Great Turnstile, and some persons are so unbigoted as to rent a pew in each. (One remembers Dr. Johnson on the various preachers of his day, *e.g.*, "South is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and his violence, and sometimes coarseness of language. Seed has a fine style ; but he is not very theological.") The difference between the two tabernacles is not so much in the conduct recommended as in the background of doctrine and the general tone.

Having ministered at *The Spectator* for over ten years, Mr. Wilson Harris set himself to reread his old sermons. He found this, as any of us must, a chastening experience ; "How few of them were born for immortality." Fifty-four are reprinted in the volume under review, which, apart from all its intrinsic merits, is valuable because it so faithfully represents one historic type of English temperament. Men of this sort are pragmatists with a distrust of theory and even of logic : they are too canny to push ahead of the general run of the educated public, too conscientious to lag behind it. To-day the elimination of Liberalism as a party has split their allegiance, so that their effect upon politics is much reduced.

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Mr. Wilson Harris, like everyone else, has sometimes been wrong. "So long as Mr. Baldwin survives, he will retain a unique hold on the public ear and the public regard." How few of us would have resisted the temptation to alter or omit so ill-starred a prophecy! To Ramsay MacDonald also he is wonderfully indulgent. Mr. Harris, indeed, is so careful to be neither violent nor malicious that he rarely indulges in the cruelty of wit. But his comments on statesmen are often acute, and the series of articles on the Germans and our foreign policy between January and October, 1938, are as damning in substance as they are moderate in tone. Here, as usual, he spoke for the general body of educated opinion, while the majority of the present Commons, and also the Press Lords, were on the other side.

It is in his discourses upon religion that Mr. Wilson Harris seems to us least effective.

> The Bible has made, more than any other factor, for religious unity. Ecclesiastical differences, of dogma, of ritual, of Church government, exist and tend often to assume a wholly false proportion.

We should have supposed, from what history we have read, that the Bible had been the great creator of religious diversity; and that religion, stripped of dogma and ritual, lost most of its potency. Again, according to Mr. Wilson Harris, "The Higher Critics who were once thought Christianity's deadliest foes are seen to-day as its truest vindicators." This seems the voice of Dr. Pangloss. Loisy, for instance, maintains that we know literally nothing of Christ except that a thaumaturgist was executed in Judaea in the first century. From such vindicators the Christian must pray to be preserved. But even in this attachment to a hazy, amorphous and as it were filleted Faith Mr. Harris is true to a historic English type. One thinks of Clough:

> I will not frame one thought of what
> Thou mayest either be or not . . .
> Enough that in our soul and heart
> Thou, whatso'er Thou mayst be, art.

Whether he writes of English kings or prison-reform, Mr. Wilson Harris maintains the same empirical moderation. His attachment to existing institutions derives not so much from blindness to their faults or from optimism about their amelioration. One cannot call Mr. Wilson Harris a Whig—he is too puritanical; or a Radical—he lacks the necessary fervour. He speaks for a section of the public that has played a signal part in our history and whose influence is much greater than electoral statistics would suggest.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

MÜRREN

Mountain Jubilee. By ARNOLD LUNN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

Britain has picked up some strange territorial oddments in the course of her wars, but perhaps the queerest of all was the Swiss mountain resort, Mürren, which from the end of the last war to the beginning of this was at any rate during the winter months practically British territory. The Swiss made good-humoured jokes about it. "Get ready your passport," they used to say to each other when the train was approaching this high citadel of Public Schooldom, this Vatican of British competitive sport.

But if Mürren had been what it was sometimes supposed to be—a mere playground for pampered plutocratic schoolboys (adult or otherwise), a home of insular prejudice and humourless snobbery, it would in these days, one hopes, already have passed into deserved oblivion. In point of fact, it was neither class-ridden nor conventional. The creator of this odd "enclave," Pope Lunn the Second, is himself an arch-eccentric, subscribing, as we may see from this book, to a wildly eccentric creed. He believes (p. 218) that "the development of British ski-racing was one of the few things, perhaps the only good thing, which was born and grew to maturity in the twenty-year armistice between the wars." Many of the great figures at Mürren, including, of course, the Pope himself, were far from being standardised school-tie products, either in conduct or opinion. One of his "Cardinals" had been a Conchie in the last war; another was of aggressively exotic origin and behaviour. It is true that Mürren did not object to Royalty, but to object to Royalty is merely an inverted form of snobbery. There is a Mürren story that a European monarch who applied for a room under an incognito, on being asked for the name of his Public School, booked instead at a derelict establishment on the outskirts, with the consequence that this antiquated chalet, which looked like a large, neglected cuckoo-clock, became the social focus of the season, to the chagrin of the palatial "Vatican" up the hill. I do not know if this story is true; I only know that when I visited Mürren no questions were asked about my schooling, and everyone, including the Pope himself, was, for no very obvious reason, extremely kind. I saw few signs of the exclusiveness with which Mürren has been charged. True, I once met a business man from the Midlands who, sitting disconsolately on a bench at Halfway House, told me I was the first person who had spoken to him since he arriv at Mürren ten days ago. He attributed this the fact that he came from the Midlands; attributed it to the fact that he disapproved (he told me) of organised sport and had taken steps to join in it. Competitive sport cannot ju happen. It has to be organised, and at Mürre it certainly was. How intensively, I realised the afternoon I arrived. No sooner had I u packed my skis and started for a short after-t run than a stern voice called to me from a com manding knoll, asking whether I was "part of th race." If not, was I doing a Kandahar Test? not that, was I taking my Second Class? I trie to explain that I was just ski-ing; but she (th voice was afterwards identified as that of La Mabel Lunn) evidently thought I was joking.

This book, a collection of essays, autobiographic and sporting, is intended for ski-ers, an a detailed review would be out of place except i a sporting journal. To the ski-ing public (whic is a large one) every allusion in it, to person places and events, will be almost agonising evocative.

ARTHUR WALEY

William Nicholson. By MARGUERITE STEE *Collins.* 16s.

"The cactuses, with their flat, pear-shaped leave and prickly fruit the country people call *chomb* were throwing their shadows down the shaley pat and a bit of the Mediterranean that showed in th gap at the bottom of the valley had faded to d blue, because it was late afternoon. Down at th Caleta Palace the tourists were ordering cocktail and up the *arroyos* the peasants sat in the doorwa of their white cottages, basking in the last glow of th setting sun."

That is how Miss Steen meets Sir William. Late the style becomes more intimate, playful even, whic is perhaps a pity. Frankly we do not care for th author's manner of presenting her subject, and th we regret because the subject is a good one. Eviden Sir William is a charming man, a wit and "a cha acter"; besides being a brilliant painter. The o thing he certainly is not is a great artist. Miss Ste could hardly be expected to say that; but she mig have refrained from saying on her very first page "It is the opinion of certain people who are qualifie to judge, that William Nicholson is the greate master of Still Life of his own or any other age "What people?" someone is sure to inquire. Th sort of thing makes a man look a fool, and Sir Willi Nicholson deserves better.

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No. 716

t by **William Whitebait**

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LES—

. Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and uld be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great nstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor first post on Monday, November 1st.

. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves right to print in part or as a whole any matter t in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. not be returned. When no entries reach the uired standard no prize will be awarded.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 713

t by **Raymond Mortimer**

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet on utumn with four stresses in each line instead f five.

port by Raymond Mortimer

llan M. Laing confesses "This jaunty metre's my choice: My own view is that autumn's voice gs sweeter in a five-fold stress." But Mr. Roy npbell—and for all I know other English poets— managed the form happily; so have many French ts; and so have several competitors. It seemed to that the shortened lines would be appropriate to shortening days. The entries were many and ty high in standard. It is easier to write a fair net than any other form of verse. Among the ies I liked were those of Hilda Hepple, P. C., abwac," "Pibwob," Mair E. M. Thomas, S, B. C., hony Curtis, P. Baggallay, "4 B B," Ronald on, S. A. Wakefield, Leslie Johnson, W. Stewart, nley Sharpless, "Postscript," "Little Billee," ord, John Brook, B. G. Macrow, and "Trooper." commend a first prize of a guinea and a half to C. C., consolation prizes of half a guinea to Linda Ritson, N. L., Susanne Knowles, William Bliss, R. S. Jaffray.

A VILLAGE GRANDMOTHER

How strange, with desert winter near
And near the mists, as moist as clay,
The sorrowing mists of All Souls' Day—
The day the cold-eyed ghosts appear—
When all the glory of the year
Is turned to ruin and decay,
That this old woman walks her way
Through autumn fields without a fear,
With round, brown basket, well displayed,
See her, beyond the golden ricks—
Of the unearthly unafraid,
And of the shores, so near, of Styx—
By the rich copse's sheltered edge,
Go searching berries from the hedge.

F. C. C.

AUTUMN—ON PORTLAND

Blue floats the Isle in sea-hung haze,
And frosty pale is Portland's stone
Since wild valerian's purple blaze
And seapink, thyme are summer-blown.
The sun-blenched bone of Chesil Strand
From Wyke to Abbotsbury runs:
Soft grey the stilty herons stand
In bronzy reeds and autumn suns,
While musing waters weave their ways
In motley pattern o'er the beams
Of sleepy craft: quiet Autumn days
Are filled with scattered leaves and dreams—
The dreams methought in Spring were sown
Like loosestrife feather-seeds are flown!

LINDA E. RITSON

AUTUMN

This time in Lincoln's Inn, the wild
Desolate horn, that heralds cold,
Sounded for me, September's child.
The arched boughs wrinkled into gold.
O piercing thin nostalgic sound!
I've heard you on the North Sea shore.
The ten-year looked from Grimm, and found
Autumn had come; and read no more.
Yet from between the pages shut
At times, of Ossian and Verlaine,
Rapunzel, Baba Yaga's hut
The haunting sound may rise again.
Enchanted, searching, sad, the horn
Calls to me now, the autumn-born.

N. L.

AUTUMN IN BLOOMSBURY

At home the beeches bronze and blaze,
A grocer's calendar come true
But Bloomsbury counts the numbered days
As retailers sum up a queue.
Faber and Faber's yellow van
Puts on a surly autumn tint
And local poets, to a man,
Deciduously take the hint
From that bitch Nature's failing graces:
Her abecedarian display
Of crumpets with their pitted faces,
The smell of highbrow, slow decay,
Disconsolation in the air
And aimless leaves in Russell Square.

SUSANNE KNOWLES

AUTUMN

Not in the red wood's silent shade
Is Autumn at her loveliest.
Go rather, seek the Nut-brown Maid,
With scarlet berries at her breast,
There, where, illumining the mist,
On common-lands the tardy sun
Turns all the gorse to amethyst
Where gossamers their webs have spun.
For there She sits the livelong day
And hears the rippling robin sing
And sees, at eve, the rabbits play
And, happy-drowsing, dreams of Spring.
The yellowing bracken scents the air
And all is peace and promise there.

WILLIAM BLISS

AUTUMN

Behold the triumph of the year,
The justifying of the Spring,
The rain's reward, the ripen'd ear,
The harvest bowing to its King.
No doubting row of Summer's grace,
No anxious watch for frost or drought—
Last lap in Nature's cyclic race
Ere Winter's close time come about.

The young now look to ball and boot,
The hunters to the mount and field,
The fecund farmers to the shoot,
The food-controllers to the yield:
And solemn mist and burning root
Raise grateful incense o'er the weald.

R. S. JAFFRAY

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The demand for this paper is far greater than the supplies available within our paper ration. Are you prepared to forward your copy when you have read it? If so, kindly let the Publisher know and he will put you in touch with a member of the Forces or some other person unable to obtain a copy.

Company Meeting

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LIMITED

e forty-seventh annual general meeting e company was held on October 19th. chairman, Mr. I. J. Pitman, said: The profit of £49,569 3s. 9d. may be re- d as satisfactory, particularly when it nsidered that the provision for taxation been made before striking the balance e trading account.

nditions in the publishing business have good in England, U.S.A., Canada, Aus- , South Africa, and India, and the rent profit has been increased by the that provision for losses in Subsidiary panies, which are usually borne before ing the balance of the trading account, needed this year to be only small. The s of the Subsidiary Companies, which will see, are carried forward in their profit and loss accounts, and are there- not apparent, have again been good. nk we may conclude that the provision 64,154 15s. 7d. in the reserve labelled erves for Loss on Exchange, Contin- es, and Investments in Subsidiary Com- s," is a reservation of more than usual ution.

e items of investments in Sub- ry Companies, £32,411 17s. 10d., and nts owing by Subsidiary Companies, 532 9s. 11d., representing the sharehold- of these companies together with the ys advanced to them, may be regarded aluable assets; the goods they repre- are spread over the various parts of the ish-speaking world, and are placed to advantage of the spread of the English age which we may expect.

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The Report was adopted and the final dividend as recommended was approved.

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THE Adelphi, October issue, includes: John Middleton Murry, Adrian Bell, Ranjee G. Shahani, A. D. Cohen, Henry Williamson, R. H. Ward, H. I'Anson Fausset, etc. 1s. 6d. (postage 1½d.); annual subscription 6s. (post free). Lodge Farm, Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk.

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